THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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New York, April, 12th 1831.

Dear Sally—Your Tim, in his last letter, said as how you wanted me to write something about the women folks in New-York. My acquaintance aint been nothin to speak of among em, but I've had a leetle experience that way as you shall hear. Your old maid aunt Louis, who is dead and gone used to say, looks is nothin behaviour is all, and I guess as to looks the York gals aint got much to boast on. They are most on em pale and sickly lookin critters, which comes of their keepin bad hours and tight lacin. They keep it up night after night in the winter time, with balls and parties, so that they get completely fagged out and look as though it was the day after washin.

As for dress, there is no tellin how extravagant they are—their bonnets are as big as a cheese-tub, and the sleeves of their gowns are large enuff for meal-bags. But the most comical thing some of them wear, is a sort of trowserloons that peeps out under their gowns and makes em look jist like bantam hens. You'd laugh most plagily to see em struttin in the streets, but tis no laffin joke to their fathers who have to foot their bills. I hear a great many men complain about their wives too, because they are so extravagant in their dress. One man went the other day to a lawyer here to get him to set his seal to a bill of divorce against his wife—the lawyer axed him the reason and he said he couldn't pay her bills no longer and if the civil authorities didnt interfere, he'd take the benefit of the act or run of to the Canadas. The lawyer laughed and told him there was no help for his case—that he took his wife for better or worse and must abide the consequences. "That's a fact!" says the married man, "but tis all *worse* with my wife and I see no chance of her being *any better!*" and with that he went home, packed up his duds and the next morrin left his wife fast asleep and set off for the Canadas.

I said they kept it up in the winter here with balls and parties, but you mustn't suppose they dance the good old fashioned country dances we used to at Deacon Brown's tavern. No such thing! when they have a dance here, they call it a maskerade or a faucy ball and they go dressed in as many different ways as you've seen solgers at a militia muster—they look for all the world more like play actors and play actresses than human beings and as they wear masks they cut up pretty curious shines I tell you. At one of these ere fanciful balls a gal got in there who want jist so, as some of the other gals thought and they made a mighty fuss about it, you may depend ont. You see there is two sort of folks in this city—the quality folks and the folks of no quality,—or as Joe Jinkins calls it the china folks and the crockery folks. Well, this ball was a china ball and no crockery was to be admitted—the china gals all set to upon crockery and said she should be put out. Crockery said she wouldn't budge a foot—china said she should, and so they had it. Which side carried their pint is more than I can tell, but I guess, Sally, if I had sent you a card to a ball, china or crockery, and any fuss was made about it, they should pay back the money before I'd start an inch for them.

There is another kind of dancin all the rage here called waltzin. I cant describe it exactly, but the short and the long of it is that a feller and a gal stand up in the middle of the room all alone—the music begins and they hug each other round the waist and whirl round the room like a house a fire—they keep goin, and goin, and goin, till bimby they get clean gone and cant stand it no longer. Then they set down and another couple goes over the same exhibition, but what pleasure their is in such a whirligig dance I cant for the life of me imagine. I axed a tallowy-looking gal just after she'd done waltzin once to tell me what there was in a waltz she liked so much. "O, sir," said she rollin up her eyes, "tis so sentimental!" "Sentimental! marm," says I, "I guess I dont understand you!" "Then stand up, Sir," says she, "and waltz with me and you will feel it." "Not by two chorks, marm!" says I, "I dont like to chew upon such sentimentality! "The gal took out her quizzin glass and looked at me as if she'd look me through, but I guess she found her match for I stared her out of countenance without any quizzin glass or spectacles neither. These are the gals, sally, that make fun about the Cape Cod gals dancin in their stockins and feet, but to my notion there aint any comparison for decency between that and waltzin—dont you say so too?

Besides waltzin every real New-York lady must know how to play on a pianer. This is a sort of machine made of mahogany and is about as big as a meal-chest, inside of it there are wires so that by thumpin with the fingers on some little blocks outside, it makes a kind of music. But to my ears the music of a spinnin wheel is vastly more agreeable, but it would'nt do to tell the gals here so. I should'nt care about marryin one of these pianer gals, cause why? all the pianers in the world wont learn a woman how to darn a coat or make a pudding and whats the use of a wife that dont know how to do that?

You no need to be afeard of my being caught by a New York gal. My notion is still for the New England gals, let em laff as much as they will at their green bonnets and guessing—but I can tell em what it is when they ketch Enoch Timbertoes they catch a weazel asleep. But I wont say no more for fear my letter should get miscarried, or be opened by some peeking Jackson post-master, so good by & believe me

Yours till Christmas,
ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

From Memoirs by Julius Mellingen, just published.

LAST DAYS OF LORD BYRON.

Mr. Millingen was professionally attendant on Lord Byron as a physician. "The cup of health had dropped from his lips and constant anxiety and suffering operated powerfully on his mind, already a prey to melancholy apprehensions and disappointment, increased by disgust. Continually haunted by a dread of epilepsy or palsy—complaints most humiliating to human pride—he fell into the lowest state of hypochondriasis; and vented his sorrows in language which, though sometimes sublime, was at others as peevish and capricious as that of an unruly and quarrelsome child. When he returned to himself, however, he would request us "not to take the indisposed and sickly fit for the sound man." Riding was the only occupation that procured him any relief; and even this was but momentary.

Mr. Finlay and Mr. Millingen called on Lord Byron in the evening:—"We found him lying on a sofa, complaining of a slight fever, and of pains in the articulation. He was at first more gay than usual; but, on a sudden, he became pensive, and after remaining some few minutes in silence, he said that during the whole day he had reflected a great deal on a prediction which had been made to him when a boy, by a famed fortune-teller in Scotland. His mother, who firmly believed in necromancy and astrology, had sent for this person, and desired him to inform her what would be the future destiny of her son. Having examined attentively the palm of his hand, the man looked at him for a while steadfastly, and then with a solemn voice exclaimed—"Beware of your thirty-seventh year, my young Lord; beware." * * *

"To say the truth, answered his Lordship, I find it equally difficult to know what to believe in this world, and what not to believe. There are as many plausible reasons for inducing me to die a bigot, as there have been to make me hitherto a free thinker. You will, I know, ridicule my belief in lucky and unlucky days: but no consideration can now induce me to undertake any thing either on a Friday or a Sunday. I am positive it would terminate unfortunately. Every one of my misfortunes, and, God knows, I have had my share, have happened to me on one of those days. You will ridicule also a belief in incorporeal beings. Without instancing to you the men of profound genius who have acknowledged their existence, I could give you the details of my friend Shelly's conversations with his familiar, did he not apprise me, that he had been informed by that familiar that he would end his life by drowning, and did I not, a short time after, perform on the sea beach his funeral rites.

"The next morning (17th) the bleeding was repeated, for although the rheumatic symptoms had completely disappeared, the cerebral ones were hourly increasing, and this continuing all day, we opened the vein, for the third time, in the afternoon. Cold applications were from the beginning constantly kept on the head, blisters were also proposed. When on the point of applying them, Lord Byron asked me whether it would answer the same purpose to apply both on the same leg. Guessing the motive that led him to ask this question, I told him I would place them above the knees, on the inside of the thighs. 'Do so,' said he; for as long as I live, I will not allow any one to see my lame foot.'

"Here I may be permitted to observe, that it must have been the lot of every medical man to observe how frequently the fear of death produces it: and how seldom a patient who persuades himself that he must die, is mistaken. The prediction of the Scotch fortune-teller was ever present to Lord Byron; and, like an insidious poison, destroyed that moral energy which is so useful to keep up the patient in dangerous complaints. 'Did I not tell you (said he repeatedly to me) that I should die at thirty-seven?'

"I was not a little surprised to hear him ask me on the 15th, whether I could not do him the favor of inquiring in the town for any very old and ugly witch? As I turned his question in dirision, he repeated to me, with a serious air, "Never mind, whether I am superstitious or not: but I again entreat of you to bring me the most celebrated one there is, in order that she may examine whether this sudden loss of my health does not depend on the evil eye. She may devise some means to dissolve the spell."—Knowing the necessity of indulging a patient in his harmless caprices, I soon procured one, who answered exactly to his description; but the following day, seeing that he did not mention the subject, I avoided recalling it to his memory.

"Two thoughts constantly occupied his mind.—Ada and Greece were the names he uttered, lamenting to die a stranger to the sole daughter of his affection, not only from her embrace, but, perhaps, the object of the hatred which he thought had been carefully instilled into her from her tenderest infancy, showed how exquisitely his parental feelings were excited by these sad considerations. The glory of dying in Greece, and for Greece, was the only theme he could fly to for relief, and which would dry up the tears he abundantly shed, when pronouncing Ada's name. In the agony of death—that dreadful hour when, leaving the confines of life the soul is launched into eternity—his parting look, his last adieu, was to Greece and Ada. I was present when, after taking the first antispasmodic micture, he spoke to Fletcher for the last time, recommending him to call on his sister, on Lady Byron and his daughter, and deliver to each the messages which he had repeated to him before. His feelings, and the clouds of death, which were fast obscuring his intellect, did not allow him to continue: "You know what you must say to Ada—I have already told it you—you knowit, do you not?" On hearing Fletcher's affirmative, he replied, "That's right!"

"On the 18th, he addressed me, saying, "Your efforts to preserve my life will be vain. Die I must: I feel it. Its loss I do not lament; for to terminate my wearisome existence, I came to Greece. My wealth, my abilities, I devoted to her cause. Well, there is my life to her. One request let me make to you. Let not my body be hacked, or be sent to England. Here let my bones moulder. Lay me in the the first corner, without pomp of nonsense."

From the London Court Journal.

HINTS FOR A DINING-OUT MAN.

Be careful not to make your appearance among the earliest guests; or you will have to steer between the perils of appearing a dull fellow to your host and his John and Joan Trot punctualists, or of wasting some of your best stories before the arrival of the more select part of the audience.

Avoid, however, being too late; as you will not be able in that case to get your civilities of etiquette over before dinner, and your turbot will be interrupted by the necessity of common-place inquiries to your female neighbor.

Eschew if possible the post of honor on either side your hostess; in many antediluvian mansions it entails the penalty of carving, in all its forms the frigid zone of the dinner table prosy, proper, and precise. A fragment of vapid *salmi*, or unctous cutlet sent away on your plate is detected in the minute by the lynx-eyed lady of the house, and your fastidiousness precludes you from her invitations during the rest of the season.

The most advantageous post is decidedly that next the lady placed at your host's left hand, which secures you the hottest share of the *entress*, and the coldest glass of champagne, when carried round by the maitred hotel

If you have a boring male friend in company, be careful to seat yourself next to him instead of opposite. By looking you in the face he can compel your attention to his long stories; but while he whispers them in your ear, he cannot ascertain that you are leisurely enjoying your *puree de gibier* without listening to a single syllable.

If you have any thing really good to improvisate, do not let it be later than the Sauterne; a second rate joke will tell better after the first round of champagne.

If some other officious or official fool forward a piece of valuable public information, observe carelessly, "I suspect, my dear fellow, you heard that from Lord Mumpkison, to whom I whispered it in confidence this morning."

If any rival wit takes the liberty of amusing the company with some brilliant and original anecdote, murmur elegiacally, "Poor Tom Sheridan! what a delightful companion he was! that was one of his best stories!"

It is not safe to repeat a striking bon-mot more than three times in one season—once before Easter, at some Dowager's feed—once in the month of May, at Dudley House, or some Parliamentary crani—and once in the dog-days, at a *dejeune a la fourchette*.

Never repeat a good thing after Lord Anvanley, Lord Normandy, Luttrell, Copley, or any of the established wits who give the tone to the cuckoo-clocks of May-fair dinners. It is a rash to pirate a joke, unless from some modest aspirant who you meet at your solicitor's, nearRussell-square; or some small unknown, in training as a *farceur*, who does not venture to utter his puns above his breath. These, with a little punning and polishing, may readily pass for your own.

If you have a joke the point of which does not quite satisfy you, never commit yourself by launching it publicly at the dinner-table. Try it on a friend or two, by rehearsal in the course of a few morning visits.

When its merit is fairly determined by experience, it may not be amiss to address it to some such person as Lady D—e, or the Duke of D—, whose deafness and rank afford an excuse for elevating your voice, and making it heard by the company at large.

A light anecdote, like a ballet, is often enhanced by a heavy overture. The dead silence which follows one of Michael Angelo's prosifications, or one of Lord ——'s failures, is an excellent occasion for a little smart stroke of comedy, as an excuse for a general laugh.

A couple engaged in a desperate flirtation from advantageous neighbors; their *sotto voce* murmurs offer no obstruction to the circulation of your discourse; while the vicinity of the professional teller of good stories, such as C——, or H——, drowns you without scruple. "*Qu'est ce que la raison avec un filet de voix, contre une gueule comme celle la?*"

Always be shocked by the introduction of a scandalous tale, or bitter personal satire. After having boldly evinced your disgust at the censorious and slanderous taste of the times, you have an excellent opportunity for repeating the most malicious edition of the anecdote, in evidence of this universal depravity of tongue.

Let no temptation induce you to make your appearance in the drawing-room after dinner. Unless at the house of some country Baronet sufficiently demoralised to dine at seven o'clock in the months of May and June, it will interrupt all the arrangements of your hostess, and give a most unfavorable notion of your own engagement list. Contrive that the butler should whisper in your ear the announcement of your cabriolet when a third bottle of claret is introduced, and the elderly gentlemen present begin to drop the ultimate syllable of their words. By an early departure, moreover, you insure your own hat.

AMBITION.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find,
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

MISCELLANY.

Extracts from English Papers.

Lord Barrymore. This noted spendthrift had commenced his career so early, and squandered so profusely, that he found himself nearly ruined on coming of age. Of all the Prince of Wales's dissolute companions, he seems to have been the most abandoned. On attaining his majority, he entertained the prince at the cost of 10,000*l.* and was obliged to sell his horses and carriages soon after he had thus signalized his attainment of the age of discretion. He had an extraordinary flow of animal spirits, with some eccentricity. The prince one night, at his instigation, rushed out with a party from the orgies of the pavilion, fantastically dressed in table cloths, with napkins round their heads, and making strange noises, to fright the old women out of their senses or their sleep. He played harlequin in a pantomime at the Brighton Theatre, jumping with grotesque activity, through a blazing hoop, and "setting the audience in a roar" by a ridiculous disruption of his motley dress. He exhibited himself, if possible, still more incongruously to the fashionable world of London, dancing a mock minuet at the great room in Saville row with the clown Delpini. But Lord Barrymore's animal spirits were no longer convenient—his eccentricities no longer whimsical—when his ruin became apparent. His reception at Carlton House, from being reserved and unfrequent, ceased altogether. It was very common to shift the blame of the Prince of Wales's irregularities from himself to his associates. The ruin of those among them who had fortunes to lose might, with more propriety, be charged to their foolish ambition in associating with him. The facility with which he both encouraged and discarded them was a natural consequence, a just punishment, and a useful example. Lord Barrymore's career was soon and fatally terminated. His private theatricals at Wargrave were closed, as it was expressed at Charlton House, "with a finale sung by John Doe and Richard Roe;" his assaults and batteries, which he committed indiscriminately on Sir John Lade, Mr. T. C. and his other companions of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, and on those whom he met in street-brawls and the low haunts of profligacy, made him avoided by persons of his own condition, and brought him under the notice of the Court of King's Bench. He appeared twice before Lord Kenyon, the chief justice,—as a party prosecuted for an assault, and as defendant in an action for debt. The action was brought by the architect who had built his private theatre at Wargrave: he pleaded his minority, he was answered by proof of a promise to pay after he became of age, and lost both his honor and his cause. Lord Barrymore was an officer in the Berkshire militia. Whilst escorting a party of French prisoners from Rye to Dover, in 1793, he was shot in the head by the accidental discharge of a carbine which he had with him in his carriage, died in a few minutes, and thus finished, at the early age of twenty three, his short, dissolute, and foolish life.

Cabinet Library: Life and Reign of George IV.

Lady Lade. The public admiration was divided on the race-ground between three ladies, who appeared each in a phaeton drawn by four grey ponies: those were the Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Lady Lade. The last named, in spite of being countenanced by the prince, could not obtain a sure footing upon fashionable ground. Of low origin, and wholly uneducated, but beautiful and clever, she became the wife, from being the mistress, of Sir John Lade; and, when the vivacity of her temper did not betray her into her early idiom, assumed the conventional jargon of the rank to which she was elevated, with a versatile quickness and plausibility of which women afford many instances, but men not one. She was singularly bold and expert in riding and driving; and with her hardihood both of seat and manner, and her beauty, bore away the palm from her proud rivals, in the unsophisticated judgment of the crowd on the course. But a mortification awaited her, from which she was not protected even by the roof and presence of the Prince of Wales. At a grand ball in the evening at the pavilion, she stood up to take her place in the dance; a murmur of discontent and mutiny pervaded the female ranks; and a male voice, more conveniently than gallantly, called out from the crowd, "Lady Lade's carriage stops the way." On this hint, her ladyship prudently withdrew. Ib.

The Three Georges. George I. discarded his wife, and had two mistresses publicly installed in their court rights and privileges. George II., exercising the same prerogative of royalty, then common, "satisfied the clamorous honor of the husband of one mistress by a pension of 1200*l.* a year," and recommended another mistress to the kindness of his queen. "Love the Walmoden, for she loves me," said he, writing from Germany to Queen Caroline, an enlightened princess, who exercised over him the sway of a superior over a weaker mind so completely, that he confided to her even his intrigues of gallantry. "I should never think of an amour with your Majesty, for I am sure the first person you would tell it to would be the Queen," said Mrs. Selwyn (the mother of the celebrated wit) to George II. George III. had no court mistress, and was not even suspected of any transient court gallantries; but he must have been more or less than man, if, in the bright assemblage of English beauty around him, he wholly escaped its influence. Lady Sarah Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, was distinguished by him. She has been described as a person then arrayed in all the graces of beauty and extreme youth, and there were rumours and speculations of her being raised to a throne, which she was calculated to adorn; but the German pride of the king and his mother, with Lord Bute's fear of the influence which would be thus gained by the first Lord Holland, whose niece Lady Sarah Lennox was by marriage, prevented any approach to such a triumph of her charms. To those causes should be added, the want of ardor in the royal admirer and of sympathy in the lady. The passion of love was never felt, and, for that reason, among others, never inspired, by George III. Ib.

A Royal equivoque. A well known individual, some time ago deceased, who was admitted to the prince's familiarity, upon his first entrance into life, and for several years after, described, or rather dramatized, with much humor, a scene which he professed to have had from the prince himself. So much depends upon tone and manner, that the spirit of these pleasantries evaporates on paper. The story was in substance as follows:—A new suit, destined for a ball that night at Cumberland-house, was brought home to the prince but ordered back by him for the purpose of undergoing immediate alterations. He gave directions that the tailor's return with it should be instantly made known to him. The prince happened to pass the early part of the evening with the king and queen at Buckinghamhouse. Whilst he was seated in the royal group, a German page entered, and pronounced in a tone meant for his particular ear, but loud enough to be heard by every one present, "Please your royal highness, *she* is come." There was a moment's awful pause. "Who is come?" said his royal highness, in a tone between surprise, embarrassment, and anger. "Sir, *she* is come," repeated the page, with his bad English and German phlegm. "Eh! what, what! who is come?" exclaimed the king. "*She*, your majesty," reiterated the unmoved German. "She is come!" cried the queen, bursting with wrath, and supposing that the visiter was of the house of Luttrell, who already sought an undue influence over the prince. All was for a moment inexplicable confusion. The queen summoned another page, and asked him, with fury in her looks, "Who is *she* that dares inquire for the prince of Wales?" "Please your majesty," said the second oracle, "it is *Shea*, his royal highness's tailor!" Ib.

Sporting Anecdote. A few days ago a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Taunton, who is notorious for guarding his preserves, was visiting at the house of a friend where he was introduced to a gentleman, who was an utter stranger to him. In the course of conversation this latter personage, who affected considerable effeminacy and dandyism, intimated that he was very desirous of enjoying a day's shooting, at which, however he was a mere tyro. The man of preserves looked at the querist, and, in an unusual fit of generosity, promised a day's pleasure. Accordingly it was agreed that on the next morning he should breakfast with him at his seat, and thence he would accompany him to his covers. Morning came, and with it our sportsman, dressed in a full ball dress, with dancing shoes instead of boots. His host stared, rejoicing that nothing more formidable was to be introduced into his preserves. The meal concluded, he takes him to the window. "There is the cower; I regret that I cannot accompany you." (Had he been an evident sportsman, he would have followed him, like one of his own pointers.) The daddy went, and, lo! proved to be an unfailing marksman. The birds rose, and fell as quickly, until the keeper spied him—demanded his name—"He has my permission, John; the pumps and silk stockings will only frighten the birds a little, aha!" "Why, Lord bless me, Sir, he's a knocking 'em down right and left—he's killed a bushel." Away runs the astonished owner—the stranger had already killed 5 hares, 20 pheasants, and 2 cocks. An explanation ensues—the never-missing shot is warned off the moor—pumps, silk stockings, and all. It was Capt. M. a celebrated sporting character.

MAD GIRL OF ST. JOSEPH'S.

It was two o'clock, on a dreary winter's morning, as I was returning to my apartment, after enjoying the pleasures of a ball in a distant part of the city. On entering the court yard I found the family glimmering lamp almost exhausted, and all around me seemed as still, dark, and dismal, as if I were immured in the cave of silence. Having lit my taper, I was in the act of ascending the great staircase, when I thought I heard the rustling noise of trailing silks, and of the light tread of footsteps. My heart began to palpitate, and all the nursery tales of ghosts and spectres instantly recurred to my memory. I looked around, in every direction, but by the glare of the taper I could perceive nothing but the motionless statues that stood in the hall. A kind of superstitious fear took a momentary possession of my heart. At a short interval, however, I summoned all my courage, and formed the bold resolution of ascertaining whether it was an earthly being or a supernatural spirit, that caused the agitation that perturbed my feelings. I descended to the foot of the staircase, and in a bold, authoritative tone, I called out lustily, "Who's there? What are you about?" and was soon answered in a soft and touching voice, "it is I; are you not aware that I am waiting for him?" A little chagrined at the adventure, and conscious that I was not the favored swain, I was walking away, when I was addressed in the same sweet accents, "Pray come here, but do not make a noise, I entreat you." I approached, and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young and lovely woman, dressed in white, with a black sash girded around her slender waist, and her luxuriant tresses of gold falling in careless disorder on her shoulders. She looked as timid and beautiful as one of the soft-eyed daughters of romance. "I never did you harm," said she, "I implore you, then, not to hurt me. I have touched nothing; I am concealed behind this statue, where I cannot be seen, but I conjure you, in the name of honor and chivalry, not to say any thing respecting this interview. Do not mention it to him, he will come down presently, I shall see him, bid him farewell, and then I'll go away."

My curiosity and surprise gradually increased by the occurrence of this singular incident. I endeavored to recollect this charming but hapless creature, whose elegant form was set off by a union of those engaging qualities which render a woman worthy of esteem and love. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as her features. She continued to speak, but often so incoherently, that her ideas became confused, and so that I could discover nothing but the derangement of her head, and the distress of her heart. Her melancholy situation awakened the noblest feelings of sympathy in my bosom, and the warmest solicitude in my mind. I tried to bring back her attention to our situation. "If somebody else," said I, "had seen you before I did at the foot of the staircase?" "Ah!" replied she, "I see very well that you do not know all. *He alone is somebody*, and when he goes away, he does not, like you, listen to all he hears; he only, alas! hears who is above. Formerly it was I, now it *is she*—but it will not, cannot last;—Oh! no, no, it must not!" At these words she appeared much affected, and taking a miniature from her bosom, she continued to gaze upon it with much attention. A moment after, we heard the door of an adjoining chamber open, when a servant holding a light at the top of the balustrade, enabled me to see a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs. As he hastily passed, his hapless victim was seized with a universal trembling, and scarcely had he disappeared, when the rest of her exhausted strength forsook her, and see fell on the lower step behind the pillar that concealed us.—I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me. I began to reproach myself for not seizing the vile seducer, who had broken the heart and cropped the virgin rose of her young affection. I raised the poor creature from the floor, and when the shutting of the door above was heard, she started at the noise, and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She essayed to speak, but the sounds she endeavored to utter were instantly stifled by grief and anguish.

We remained sometime in silence, which I did not dare interrupt, when at last, having entirely recovered the use of her senses, she said to me in a soft and faltering voice. "Ah! I was afraid I was going to die; and I feared it; for that would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him, which is all I have left. If he died I should die too, although he slights me and loves another; and yet it is not in myself, but in him that I exist. My whole heart and affections are solely and unalterably his. Some time ago I was mad; Oh! yes, very mad indeed; and that will not surprise you, as it was the beginning of his going up this staircase. Oh! tormenting thought! it was the era of his unkindness; the sad moment of the estrangement of his heart, when he rent the mutual ties of ardent affection that bound us to each other! Till then I was happy in the rapturous enjoyment of his love; but my bliss was too transporting to last. I drank too deeply from the intoxicating cup of passion, and I must now make atonement by quaffing the bitter draught of intolerable misery." After uttering these sentiments, she began to laugh, and to betray wildness and disorder, and a total confusion of ideas. Some moments after she left off speaking, I asked her why she pressed with so much care the portrait of her rival, the lady above stairs. "What! do you not know?" answered she; "why it is my only hope; I take it every day, put it by the side of my looking-glass, and arrange my features like hers. I begin already to be little like her; and by taking pains, I shall resemble her exactly; I will then go and see my lover, and perhaps his wandering heart might return, like the dove to the ark of my bosom, with the olive-branch of constant attachment. Oh! there is a delicious ecstacy in the very hope! I am sure he likes me best, so that I must dissolve the spells of the bewitching Circe who has stolen his affections. Every evening I wait at the foot of the staircase; he never comes down before the convent bell has struck two; and then, as I cannot see, I count the pulsations of my poor heart. Since I have been in possession of the portrait I count every day some beatings and throbbings less; but it is late, and I must go hence; adieu." I accompanied her to the street door, and as soon as without she turned to the left, and I walked some paces beside her; she then suddenly fixed her eyes on the stream of light which the lamps formed before us. "You see all these lamps," said she, "they are are agitated by every breath of air; it is the same with my lacerated heart, it burns like them, but they only consume, and I burn forever." I continued to follow her. "Stop!" she exclaimed, "again return home, I carry with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame, for sleep is very sweet, it is even so to me. I see in it what is past, its visions delude me often with imaginary bliss, it is a balmy anodyne to heal the excruciating wounds of disappointed love. Stranger, I again bid you farewell for ever." I then returned home, with my mind and heart equally agitated, and this feeling daughter of affliction still imaged on my recollection in all her beauty and sorrow.

I was too much disturbed by the regret I felt for the fate of this interesting girl to hope for rest. And while waiting for the sun to rise from his ruby couch of clouds, I wrote down the scene which sympathy has indelibly impressed on my memory.

From the Liverpool Journal.

CONVERSATIONS ON MEN AND THINGS.

P. Nothing has so much impressed me with the extent and power of the "march of intellect," as the vast and striking improvement which has taken place in the periodical literature of England within the last few years.

R. It is, indeed, most remarkable; and this very improvement, while it has kept pace with the progress of knowledge, has contributed, in no small degree, to its advancement. Do you remember when we used to dose at the Chapter over the old Monthly, the European, and the Gentleman's Magazines, then the only monthly periodicals existing? How the radicalism of the old Monthly, the toryism—such as it was—of the European, and the grave antiquities of old Sylvanus Urban, used to while away the morning. Where are they now? The Gentleman's, it is true, exists, and has just completed its century; but its dull contemporaries have sunk into the grave of time, and have been swallowed up by that terrible *avatar*—modern refinement.

P. A similar reformation has been effected in every department of periodical literature, but particularly in the newspaper press. Look at the leading Journals of the day, and see how grandly they are conducted. I say *grandly*, because it is the only word by which I can express my meaning. Several hundred pounds are expended in "getting up" a single paper—thus extending and collecting the earliest information—foreign and domestic—to and from all parts of the world.

R. Aye; but this is not the only advantage arising from the improved state of "the press." By engaging men of first rate abilities, and paying them liberally, public opinion is directed—may, even led—by their talented discussions; so that "the press" to a good government, is a powerful ally, while, to a bad one, it is a severe and beneficial scourge. You, who live quietly in the country, can form but a poor opinion of the mode in which the leading daily papers in London are managed. The editors receive from 1000*l.* to 400*l.* per annum each; reporters are engaged in the courts of law, in the police offices, in Parliament, and as

public meeting [illegible] in the different towns [illegible] constantly "retained," so that independently of paper and printing, the expense must be enormous.

P. It must, indeed; but like many other speculations, in which there is any competition, excellence must ensure success; and the success of a newspaper speculation, must, I should think, be very profitable.

R. Generally speaking, it is so; but newspaper property depends so much upon the undiminished exertions of the conductors, and upon a due deference to the caprices of public taste, that it will always be considered a hazardous one.

P. Have you seen the last number of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Review?

R. Yes; immediately upon their publication, and very much improved they are too, under the *surveillance* of their new conductors. I do not know much of Macvey Napier, except that he writes a most vile hand, and is a "*feelosopher*," but I knew Lockhart in London, and a fitter man to edit the great tory journal could not have been anywhere found. To a fine taste, he adds great political discrimination, an exquisite relish for poetry—himself being no mean one—and a rich scholarship, the foundation of which was laid at Oxford. Besides these advantages he is a man of the world—which Gifford was not—mixes in the best society, and has served an appropriate apprenticeship as the original editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

P. Has he any thing to do with *Maga* now?

R. I should think not; at all events, not as an editor. He and Maginn used to write the *Noctes*, but Maginn is co-editor of the *Standard* now and a preacher in London; and Lockhart has enough to do with the *Quarterly* and the *Family Library*—this latter work being, I believe, now entirely under his superintendence.

P. And a capital work it is; by many degrees better than many of its imitators. What a delightful book is Allan Cunningham's last volume of the Lives of Sculptors and Architects!

R. It is truly so; and who would suppose, while reading it, that its author, twenty years ago, was a laboring stone-mason in Scotland—a mere cutter of free-stone! He is, now, Chantrey's head man, and a prime favorite with every one that knows him.

P. Well, John Murray—"glorious John," as he rightly deserves to be called—has done the public great service by the encouragement he has given to literature.

R. The encouragement *he* has given to literature! What do you mean?

P. Just this! That Mr. Murray is a very extensive and liberal patron of literature, and makes no boast about it.

R. No! You do not say so?

P. I do, indeed! And I well know, that in more than one instance, he has rescued a poor literary devil from absolute want by a timely, though secret donation of a ten pound note.

R. Well, God bless him for it. It is not every one who would act thus.

P. Indeed, it is not; but John Murray is an exception, and a right good one, too.

R. Do you know who wrote the article in the last Quarterly on the poetry of "John Jones, an old servant?"

P. Of course no one *could* write such a pleasant, piquant paper, except Sir Walter Scott. It is full of his quiet, searching, irresistible humour; and is, in my opinion, *one* of the best articles in the number.

R. But the *Literary Gazette* differs from the *dicta* of the good humored critic, and is savage accordingly.

P. The *Literary Gazette*? How can critics be so very silly as to run their stupid heads, thus blindly, against posts? The LITERARY GAZETTE *versus* SIR WALTER SCOTT! Really, this is a fine *expose* of modern criticism! Nevertheless, John Jones's verses are very pleasant; and Mr. Southey has conferred a very acceptable favor on the public, by volunteering to bring them forward, and thus to introduce them to public notice. This is not the only act which the poet laureate has recently indulged in. He is, altogether, a prime and peerless gentleman.

R. So you seem to think! And, candidly speaking, I have no great reason to disagree with you. Southey *is* a prime fellow, and if you knew as much of his "manners and customs," as I did, you would never wish to be acquainted with a better man, or a more worthy one.

P. Come, come! You are growing sentimental. It is getting late, and I must defer all further confabulation till to-morrow evening, when, if you like, we will have another turn at the principal contributors to our leading periodical journals.

P. Be it so. Good night. P. D.

Gratitude preserves old friends, and procures new ones.

GENERAL WASHINGTON,

His life not spared by a British rifle officer, at Brandywine, as has been stated.

Mr. Cooper, the distinguished American author, has addressed from Paris, under date of 28th January, a letter to Mr. Skinner, editor of the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, on the subject of *taming wild horses*; and takes the occasion to correct a historical error by the following observation:

"While troubling you with this letter, I will take an opportunity of correcting an error, which has been very generally circulated, and is even to be found in several historical works, as well as in numberless magazines. Among others who have fallen into the mistake to which I allude, Bigland, in his "View of the World," relates an anecdote, by which it would appear that at Brandywine the life of Washington was at the mercy of the celebrated British rifleman, Major Ferguson, who was too generous to profit by his advantage.

"Mr. J. P. De Lancey, (father of Mrs. Cooper,) though of a well known American family, was regularly educated for the British army, in which he received a commission at eighteen. In 1774 he was quartered at Philadelphia, with a part of his corps, the 18th of the Royal Irish. Washington was then a delegate in congress; and, in consequence of his having dined with the mess of the 18th, and of the intercourse which naturally existed between gentlemen of the different provinces, through their family connexions and acquaintances, Mr. De Lancey had a perfect knowledge of his person. When the army of Howe was preparing to embark for the Chesapeake, a corps of riflemen was organized by drafting picked men from the different regiments, and was placed under the command of Major Ferguson who had invented several improvements in the rifle, and who had acquired great skill in the use of that weapon. Of this corps Mr. De Lancey was appointed the second in command. During the manœuvres which preceded the battle of Brandywine, these riflemen were kept skirmishing in advance of one of the British columns. They had crossed some open ground, in which Ferguson was wounded in the arm, and had taken a position in the skirt of a thick wood. While Mr. De Lancey was occupied in arranging a sling for the wounded arm of Ferguson, it was reported that an American officer of rank, attended only by a mounted orderly, had ridden into the open ground, and was then within point blank rifle shot. Two or three of the best marksmen immediately stepped forward, and asked leave to bring him down. Ferguson peremptorily refused; but he went to the skirt of the wood, and, showing himself, menaced the American with several rifles, while he called to him, and made signs for him to come in. The mounted officer saw his enemies, drew his rein, and sat looking at them attentively for a few moments.

"A serjeant now offered to hit the horse, without injuring the rider. But Ferguson still withheld his consent, affirming that it was Washington reconnoitering, and that he would not be the instrument of placing the life of so great a man in jeopardy, by so unfair means. The horseman turned, and rode slowly away. When the British army reached Philadelphia, Mr. De Lancey was promoted to a majority, in another corps, and Ferguson, not long after, went to the south, where he was killed, at King's mountain. To the last moment Major Ferguson maintained that the officer whose life he had spared was Washington; and it is probable that the story in circulation has proceeded from this opinion. But on the other hand, Mr. De Lancey, to whom the person of Washington was necessarily so well known, constantly affirmed that his commander was mistaken. I have often heard Mr. De Lancey relate these circumstances, and though he never pretended to be sure of the person of the unknown horseman, it was his opinion, from some particulars of dress and stature, that it was the Count Pulaski.

"Though in error as to the person of the individual whom he spared, the merit of Major Ferguson is not at all diminished by a knowledge of the truth. I correct the mistake only because it is at variance with the probable situation of Washington at so important a moment; and because every circumstance connected with the public or private history of that illustrious man, has great interest, not only with his own country, but the whole civilized world.

Very truly yours,
J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

CORSETS AND KISSES.—A youthful poet writes thus feelingly to his mistress in a southern paper:—

I wish I was a corset bone,
That's to thy lovely breast;
That I might be both night and day,
To thy fair bosom prest.

I wish I was the china cup,
From which you drink your tea,
For then I know at every sip,
You'd give a kiss to me.

Extract of a Letter from Washington, D. C.

ELOPEMENT OF A NUN.

"There has been no little excitement in this community within a few days past, especially among the Romanists, arising from the recent *elopement* of a principal Nun, (*Sister Gertrude,*) from the Nunnery in Georgetown. This event occurred on Thursday last, and has brought to light some of the secrets of 'Mystic Babylon.'

"Sister Gertrude was the chief instructress of the academy in the institution, and upon whom its prosperity chiefly depended, and her desertion may happily operate to check its success, and open the eyes of Protestants at least, to the danger of confiding their daughters to hands, where every art and allurement is used to destroy their Protestant attachments, and to entangle them in the evils of a profession which attaches to itself just enough of the semblance of religion to cast a shade over its multiplied superstitions and idolatries.

"This delusion has prevailed but too long, and it is now devoutly to be hoped the recent events, both abroad and at home, will operate to dispel the charm and secure the downfall of a system which has already outlived its day. It will require at least, another miracle wrought in the district, to repair the effects of Sister Gertrude's defection.

"This lady took the veil when she was only fifteen years old, and has been a member of the Convent during 17 years. How long her mind has been disaffected to the system which she has so many years contributed to sustain, it is not known, but the act of her elopement was not the result of any sudden influence, for by her own free avowals, it appears that her heart has more than once bled for the innocent victims whom she has seen entrapped by those arts which beguiled her, or betrayed into rash vows by a morbid sensibility, under worldly disgusts or disappointments.

"The establishment, it would seem, is divided into parties called among themselves, *liberals* and *ultras*, to the former of which, Sister Gertrude belonged. This circumstance reflects but poor honor on the infallibility of the Pope or church, as they will have it. Nor is it improbable that the late importation of a pair of Sisters from France, in recruit of the ultra party, and their promotion to high honor in the Nunnery, may have contributed to precipitate this act of Sister Gertrude. If this be so, it only shows what all but Papists know to be true, viz:—that gates and grates cannot exclude the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"*They* say it was mortified ambition that prompted the act of this lapsed sister. Be it so.

"The elopement was made in broad day-light, and in disguise, and the unhappy victim of superstition found a refuge in the family of Gen. Van Ness, the Mayor of this city, whose lady is first cousin of Sister Gertrude.

"Hitherto she has resisted all entreaties to return, and will no doubt continue firm in her purpose.

"Happy for this amiable and pious lady is it, that *Inquisitions* and *San Benitos*, and *Autos da Fe*, are not fashionable on this side the wide waters, or she might be blessed with an earlier translation hence than she desires." Episcopal Recorder.

THE RED SEA.

The setting of the sun from the spot where we stood, was very beautiful, although there were neither groves nor vales on which the sinking rays might linger, but a low and naked shore. But this was not the case on the other side of the sea, to which nature had been more bountiful: the mountains were there bold and lofty, and the sun was sinking slowly behind them, while his red beams rested on their broken ridges. They were the same amidst which the Israelites were entangled in their flight, and the wilderness on the other side being a sandy expanse, left them at the mercy of their pursuers. It was the divine intention, doubtless, from the first, to destroy the power of Egypt, as the route towards the head of the Red Sea was equally direct and near and the desert of Sin was then open to the fugitives without either mountain or wave in the way. The twilight soon rested on the silent sheet of water, that was not broken by a single bark or vessel from the ports below, as the breeze was too faint to carry them through its uncertain navigation, that abounds with shoals and rocks. The rugged forms of the mountains opposite grew dim and indistinct. No sound broke on the stillness of the beach, on which we now lay down to rest, save the faint murmer of the shallow water, and there was little danger of intruders, for the place was too desert to tempt either the wandering Bedouin or the busy fisherman. The hours flee almost unperceived; the scene was full of interest; and we could not help recalling the description of the famous passage of this sea by the chosen people, that has given rise to so many fruitless doubts and explanations. What a noble subject for a painter that hour of darkness and terror would be, and the rushing of the hosts through this wide gulf! It would seem that the absurd idea of representing the waves standing like a wall on each side, had as well be abandoned. This is giving a literal interpretation to the evidently figurative words of Scripture; where it is said that God caused the sea to go back all night by a strong east wind; and when the morning dawned, there was probably a wide and vast expanse from which the waters had retired to some distance; and that "the sea returning to its strength in the morning," was the rushing back of an impetuous and restless tide, inevitable but not instantaneous, for it is evident the Egyptians turned and fled from its approach. Crane's travels in the East.

Lafayette Forty years ago. In "the Travels of John Ledyard," a work now of long standing, is the following account of Lafayette in 1786:—"I took a walk to Paris this morning, and saw the Marquis de Lafayette. He is a good man this same Marquis. I esteem him, and even love him, and so will all do, except some few who worship him. I make these trips to Paris often—sometimes to dine with the amiable Frenchman, and sometimes with our minister, who is a brother to me. You know how much I love the amiable Lafayette; will you do me the favor to present my most grateful thanks to him? If I find in my travels mountain as much elevated above other mountains as he is above other men, I will name it 'Lafayette.'"

THE MODE OF SELLING ORIENTAL FEMALES.—(Translated from a French periodical for the Irish Shield.) We translate from a french publication the following narrative of the manner in which the beautiful women of Georgia and Circassia are sold in those unfortunate countries which are subject to the barbarous sway of Mahometanism. What bosom of sensibility, but must be touched with sympathy for the melancholy condition to which Turkish despotism has reduced the fair flowers that were destined by a beneficent Creator to beautify the desert of man's existence:

The hapless fate of oriental females has been often the subject of commisseration with the enlightened and generous mind. How often must the poor oriental females, view this land of liberty with an envious eye, where the talents and virtues of the fair sex are justly appreciated, and where they sustain their proper rank in the scale of society—where

"——Generous love and reason jointly reign,
And sense and virtue rivet beauty's chain;
Nor guards nor bolts, their wavering faith secure,
But love that formed the vow, preserves it pure."

"The European," says the French writer, familiarized with the idea of the natural equality of the sexes, beholds with pity the miserable situation of the fairest portion of creation throughout the Turkish Empire, and almost the whole continent of Asia, he sees them degraded from being the associates of man, the charmers of his dull hours, and the ornaments of the social circle, to the rank of mere creatures of his will, and the slaves of his passions. Controlled in all their inclinations, restrained in all their actions, watched over with indelicate observance, and forcibly compelled to regulate their lives and conduct so as to obtain the partial and slightly determined favor of a foolish, imperious, and, perhaps, detested master; exposed to insult and caprice, to the rage and torment of jealousy, or the hopelessness of ungratified desire; in some instances torn from the arms of their weeping parents, from the care of their guardians, and solicitude of the friends of their youth; cut off from hopes innocently but imprudently indulged, exposed to sale like the inferior classes of animals, and fluctuating, according to the lawless will of their lord, between the situation of his servant, or his mistress. The condition of women, even in the married state, exhibited in the most favorable point of view, cannot approach connubial happiness: they are the slaves of despots, who are strangers to all the noble affections of the heart. The wife cannot be seen abroad with her husband, nor he remain constantly at home with her. Shut up in the Harem, disgusted with its unvaried scene, without knowledge of literature, or the arts, she has no relief but in the duties of her household and family. She can have no pleasure even in adorning her person with diamonds or shining silks, since, however embellished by the grace of dress, it cannot excite any other passion than envy in female bosoms.

The Turkish women are beautiful, though their beauty is of a different character from that of European females. Their eyes are blue and bland, their hair luxuriant; their faces, fresh and rosy, and their persons though too corpulent, (a perfection in the opinion of a Turk,) possess great symmetry of proportion

I accompanied a German merchant, at Raffa, in the Crimea, to the mart of slaves, where an Armenian had exposed for sale two Circassian girls of the most exquisite loveliness. We feigned an intention of purchasing them, in order to gratify our curiosity, and ascertain the mode of conducting such inhuman sales. The maidens were introduced to us one after another. Their deportment was graceful and modest to diffidence. The first girl presented, was in her fourteenth year: she was elegantly dressed; her face was covered with a veil, through which her blue eyes, as well as neck and shoulders that rivalled the parian marble in whiteness, shone like stars piercing a black cloud. She advanced towards the German, bowed down, and kissed his hand; then, at the command of her master, she walked backwards and forwards in the tent to show her fine shape, and the easiness of her carriage; she again raised her robe, so as to show the delicacy of a leg and foot that would have charmed a Praxiteles. When she took off her veil, our eyes were dazzled with a dimpled face, in which the lilly and the rose were blended on the cheeks of blooming youthfulness. Her air was at once noble and modest; her gestures animating and dignified. Her tresses as black as ebony, fell carelessly over her lovely breast, and when she smiled, she discovered teeth of a pearly whiteness and enamel.

She rubbed her cheeks with a wet naptin to prove that she had not used art to improve or heighten the bloom of her complexion. We were permitted to feel her pulse that we might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution.—She then retired with all the agility and grace of one of Diana's nymphs coming out of the fountain.—Her attractive charms won the heart of my German friend, who purchased this lovely girl for four thousand piasters."

Royal Sport. Louis XI. ordered the Abbot of Baigne, a man of great wit, and who had a knack of inventing new musical instruments, to get him a concert of swine's voices, thinking it impossible. The abbot accordingly mustered up a number of hogs, of several ages, and placed them under a pavilion, covered with velvet (before which he had a sounding-board, painted, with a certain number of keys;) thus making an organ; and as he played on the keys with little spikes which pricked the hogs, he made them cry in such tune and concert as highly delighted the King and his court. Tatler.

"DICK," said a certain lawyer to a countryman who had been considered more fool than knave, "what should you call the two greatest curiosities in the world?" "Why," replied Dick, "an honest lawyer and a river on fire."

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 15, 1831.

HOG-REEVES.

He drove the sow and litte pigs,
He drove me tassel hen,
And in the pound he saw them safe,
And then he locked the door. — OLD BALLAD.

Among the town offices in Massachusetts is the important one of hog-reeve. To this office it belongs, to see that the swine are kept in due subjection to the laws; and, if found transgressing, to impound, yoke, or ring them; to inflict whatever other punishment, may be agreeable to the statutes, and requisite to the good order and correct department of the said swine.

It has, time out of mind (i. e. our mind) been a custom in certain districts of the State, to select the candidates for hog-reeves from among those gentlemen who have taken to themselves a wife during the past year. On what ground this practice originated, we are not precisely informed.—Some suppose, from an opinion, that he, who can manage a new made wife, is best calculated to restrain those other animals, for the due subjection of which the office of hog-reeve is constituted. Others suppose, it is intended as an encouragement to matrimony, by holding out the certain and sudden elevation to office of all such as enter the state of double blessedness. While a third party insist upon it, that it is but another way whereby the old foxes show their contempt of the young ones, who have made haste to run into the same snare in which they had themselves been caught. But if we may speak our own mind respecting these several opinions, we should say of the first, that the analogy must be exceedingly slight between managing one's own wife and his neighbor's hogs; of the second, that there surely must be more powerful motives for entering into the state of matrimony, than that of being chosen hog-reeve; and of the third, that it savours very much of coming from one of those cunning old foxes who intend never to be caught in the trap matrimonial.

But whatever may be the cause of this selection of new married men for hog-reeves, or as they are sometimes called—hog-constables; the effect is usually not a little amusing, and occasions the most laughable incidents of a town-meeting day. The hog-reeves are not chosen by ballot, like the moderator, selectmen, and some other of the principal officers; but are nominated *viva voce*, and voted for by holding up the hand. It is then a time for jokes, which are freely bandied about at the expense of the newly married men. Then nominations are brisk; for, to tell the truth, few are ambitious of the office; and most persons are ever ready to place upon the shoulders of another, what they have no desire to take upon their own.

A set of merciless wags are always ready with a list of candidates prepared for the occasion, all of whom have entered the holy state of matrimony since the last town meeting—some of them indeed for the second, third and fourth time. But this repetition of conjugal duty, does not exempt them from the office of hog-reeve. On the contrary, they are, jocularly, declared to be better and better qualified for that office, every time they marry.

The moderator gives the call to nominate, and a motley mixture of candidates is announced.—There are old men who have married young wives, and young men who have been tacked to old ones; there are widowers who have married maids, and bachelors who have yoked with widows; there are raw boys who have married silly gids, and decrepid old men who have matched themselves with toothless old women. In short, there are all sorts of characters on the new-married list, out of which the hog-constables are to be made.—Seldom is a nomination disputed on account of the qualifications of the candidate, but all the last year's husbands, whether high or low, rich or poor, wise or foolish, are forthwith voted in, and doomed to bear "their blushing honors thick upon them."

But those who are fond of throwing contempt, as it were, upon the holy state of matrimony, by making hog-reeves of its recent votaries, have sometimes occasion to repent of their forwardness; for the officers, thus chosen out of a joke, will execute their commission in earnest, and by no means be wanting in attention to the grunters of those very persons by whom their election was promoted. And thus the poor swine get impounded, yoked, ringed, &c. &c. on account of the folly of their masters. In fact, some of the very active and vigilant hog-reeves are accused of paying more attention to their neighbors' swine, than to their own wives.

The new-made hog-reeves are occasionally disposed to execute their office incontinently upon their constituents, doubtless supposing they have more need of looking after than the swine themselves. An instance of this kind occurred at Newburyport lately, as we perceive by the Salem Gazette. A gentleman being nominated to the office of hog-reeve, said "he should be proud to accept if they would allow him to begin the execution of the duties of his office on the spot, by yoking and ringing all the animals that had trespassed into town meeting, and acted swinishly."

We will close this article by copying, from our recollection, a clever pun, which though old to some of our readers, will doubtless be new to others. A man by the name of Sloat had been chosen hog-reeve, when a wag enacted the following distich:

The wisdom of this town now stands secure—
One *Sloat* is chose to govern all the rest.

CRIB-BITING.

A case was lately tried in the Court of King's Bench, London, before Lord Tenterden, where an action was brought on the warranty of a horse, that proved to be a crib-biter. The plaintiff paid sixty five pounds for the horse, and took a receipt, wherein it was stated that the said horse was "sound and free from vice."

The meaning of the word vice, when applied to the equine species, seems to be rather more comprehensive than when applied to the human. For though *crib-biting* is not, like *back*-biting, a fault in the disposition or temper of the animal; yet inasmuch as cribs cost money, and the eating them up is detrimental to the master without being beneficial to the horse, crib-biting, in legal phrase, is very properly pronounced to be a vice.

And so it seems to have been determined in the Court of King's Bench. The plaintiff, on discovering the unfortunate taste of the horse, applied to the defendant to take him back, and return the price, but the defendant refused; when the plaintiff took the horse to Tattersall's and sold him at auction for twenty three pounds nineteen shillings, and the action was brought to recover the difference.

It was proved that the horse was a determined crib-biter. William Hearn, who had been acquainted with horses all his life, saw the one in question brought into Mr. Paul's stable, when he began crib-biting pretty sharply. [Laughter.]

Mr. Platt. Did you put the harness out of his way?

Witness. Yes, or it would soon have been all gone; bless your life, he'll eat any thing. [Great laughter.]

Mr. Platt. Did he appear a confirmed crib-biter?

Witness. O yes, a staunch old hand.

Mr. Sewell, a veterinary surgeon, stated, that crib-biting was a vicious habit, and he considered it an unsoundness. It was treated as a disease, and was curable in its early stages.

Mr. Clarke, a veterinary surgeon, who had been in the practice forty years, and published several works on the subject, concurred with the preceding witness.

Sir James Scarlett, for the defendant, observed, that it would be hard if all were to be reckoned vicious who were troubled with occasional indigestion.

Mr. Coleman, the celebrated veterinary surgeon said crib-biting consisted in the horse laying hold of his crib, or any fixed object, and drawing himself up, and sucking in air; and sometimes the habit existed to such a degree, that the body became so full of air as to injure the functions of the stomach and bowels and lungs, and occasion indigestion in the stomach, spasms in the intestines, and inflamation in the lungs; and when it was followed by these effects, it was an unsoundness.

Lord Tenderden began to sum up the evidence, but the Jury intimated that they had made up their opinion.

Verdict for the plaintiff, forty one pounds.

Lord Tenterden. I think you are right.

PHYSICIANS IN THIS STATE. We learn from Williams' Register, that there are 2549 practising physicians in this state. Of this number 450 belong to the state of New-York.

CLERGYMEN. From the same source we learn, that there are in the state 1382 clergymen, of all denominations. Of these, 90 belong to this city.

LAWYERS. We also gather from the Register, that there are 1741 lawyers in the state. Of this number, 450 belong to this city.

CITY CLOCK. The bell, for the clock in the cupola of the City Hall, was raised on Wednesday as high as the roof of the building, where it is to be suspended outside of the cupola—being like the picture of the honest Vicar of Wakefield, too large for its legitimate station. It weighs 5963 lbs.

THE ELBOW-CHAIR.

What man was he with genius blest,
What man was he in pity drest,
Who, touch'd with mortal care,
Did wisdom and compassion blend,
And his immortal efforts lend
T' invent the elbow-chair?

Who'e'er it was—that godlike man—
Who took this most effectual plan
To soften cruel care;
He ne'er should want the thing he made,
Nor crave in vain the kindly aid
Of cushion'd elbow-chair.

Its arms embrace the weary frame,
And bid the drowsy and the lame
An equal welcome share;
And while it soothes the pains of age,
It helps the wisdom of the sage—
The wondrous elbow-chair!

How dignified that man appears,
Advancing in the vale of years,
With visage plump and fair;
Whose corporation fills complete
The noble, the capacious seat,
The spreading elbow-chair!

See Justice throned in sober grace,
See wisdom marked upon his face,
And dignity so rare;
But now again his Worship scan,
You'll find he's nothing but a man
Without his elbow chair.

And if a Justice dwindles so,
What is that little god below,
That writes with such an air?
What is the Editor, I pray,
What can he do, or think, or say,
Without his elbow-chair?

Blest are the thoughts that find their way
Into the mind, whene'er your clay
Is throned so soft and fair;
And warm the feelings of the heart,
When thus at ease the corp'ral part
Enjoys its elbow-chair.

How sweet it is to sit and snooze,
In visions bright the mem'ry lose
Of all that's hard to bear;
Or rest in undisturbed ease,
And waking dream of what you please,
Upon your elbow-chair.

The keenest pleasures will not stay,
The fiercest joys will flit away,
And leave remorse and care;
But ne'er shall happy mortal find
The chair has left a sting behind,
The cushioned elbow-chair.

Whoe'er would live a life serene,
And calmly view the troubled scene,
Where others moiling are;
Let him straightway to reason wake,
A few superfluous shillings take,
And buy an elbow-chair.

And when he's warned from earth away,
When comes the last, the moving-day,
And fades this scene of care;
Then may he bid the world good-bye,
And upwards mount into the sky,
Upon his elbow-chair.

MRS. HUCKABUCK'S LETTER
ON PHRENOLOGY.

Respeckted Mister Editurs,

I'm a farm beleever in the doctorin of freenullogy. I've bin reedin bucks and heerin lecktures on that subjeckt, and I say it's not to be introvarted. Folks may laff as much as they pleeze—but that's neyther hear nor thare—I say the doctorin of freenullogy is not to be introvarted. I've been a studdin my own head before the lookin glass and I'm convinced thare's somethin in it. The noggins on my cranickum, thof I say it myself, are a stonishinly developd. And whare thare's so much fier you know, thare must be a leetle smoake, as the old maximum says. It cant be awl fol-de-rol. Now as to the noggins of my own head, I havnt kwite so good a noppertunity to xamin um as anuther parson. But I'm pecooliarly struck with my noggins of *intellecktyoality*, whitch you know bein on the frunt parte of the forred, ar most cognizabl to the vishual site. For instunts thare is the noggin of *low-cullity* and the noggin of *kilculation*—thay're amazinly developd. Did you ever studdy freenullogy? if so you know the noggin of low-cullity is sitinated jest above the stump of the nose (I'm share it's stump or root or some sich thing) but that's neyther hear nor thare as I said before. Then thare's the noggin of *indistridoocullity* jest above the ant-cerior part of the cranickum and a leetle to the xterior side of the ridiculus portion of the templeton bone. It's so wunderfully developd that I dont marvell in the leest at my bein a widow—blessed bee the mark!

But awl this is nothin as tware to the head of my sun Thumas. O he's got sich noggins as wood farely amaze one. Do you beleeve it? why his head is awl over noggins. They're so jammed together by the hand of natur that thare aint rum cnuff to put down the pint of a pin atwixt um. But the noggins of the *xpensatives* on the hind part of the cranickum are tremendjeously developd—especially the *filo-graesis* and noomerous other noggins whitch ar two tejus to mention. And then his cent-imental noggins ar wunderfull—wunderfull! Why thare's the noggin of *combattitiveness*, I never seed any thing so strikinly developd. And it aint developd for nothin I can tell ye—for atwixt you and mee he beets about him wright and left, hand over fist Now what do you think I'd better put him too? Shall I make a bockser on him or a soger? or do you think his noggins are better kilculated for a bootcher or a dockter? Hear you see the amazin advantidge of freenullogy—it shoes you by the bumps and noggins on your childun's heads, what they ar best kilculated for.

My dotter Joolianna (by the buy Mr. Editurs are you married?) I say my dotter Joolianna—she's jest seventeen the fust of april—has a head tremendjeously nogginized. And atwixt you and mee and the dore she's a'gurl of xtrordinary parts. O if you was ownly to hear her talk once! she's every inch on her a freenulloger. If you was ownly to hear here her dispoote on the subjeckt! She can run down the aunty-freenullogers in the trinklin of a powder post as lord Dubious says. But it aint for me to bost of my childun's talons and kwalifications by no means—I despise the omission on't. But I must say of my dotter Joolianna, thare aint the tother to her in the hole sitty of Nu-Yorck. She's got the noggin of *I-D-allity* a stonishingly developd. And thare's somethin in't you may may relye upon't, for she writes poatry like an aingil—like a very pea-gassus. I'll send you some ont in my neckst if so bee you're indisposed to incurridge the Moosys. Besides all this Joolianna has the noggin of *impossibility* and the noggin of *irreverence* wunderfully developd. Dont you think I'd better cultivate her xpensities?

My seckund dotter, Araminty, two is pretty considerably developd in the noggin of intellecktyuality. Her noggin of *moosic* is uncommonly pruminent—and I think she'll mak a wunderfull deficiency in that siance. At awl evence I shall bye her a P-Annah-forty on the strenth of her moosikal noggin. Dont you think she'll be likely to make a grate deel of ingress in that bootiful art? It's troo she hant got no voyce and dont know Yankydoolittle from any other saam tchune. But what of that? she's got the moosical noggin and tharefore must suckseed.

As for my sun Pe'tur—that is my youngest sun—I cant tell yet xactly what his noggins are a goin to bee. He's too young to have em properly developd—thof as far as I can form an opinyun, his hole head appears to bee one entyre noggin—and for one of his aige I must say it is tremendjeously developd. He cant say his A, B, C's yit (bein ownly nine yer owld) but I think from awl I can gather from his cranikum, that he'll turn out a surprizin scollard—and therefore I shall send him to collidge and make a luyer on him. Dont you think he'll suckseed at the bar?

To conclude the windin up of my subjeckt, Mr. Editurs, I don't for my part see how it's an impossible thing for any parson of cummon reprehension to dout the trooth of freenullogy. As I said afore I'm a farm beleever in the doctorin, and see I remain, yours unutterably,

HARRIETTA HUCKABUCK.

Up Brodeway, Nu-Yorck,
Aprill 15, 1831.

P. S. Joolianna sends her cumpliments, and wishes to know if you'll have rum in your next paper for her poatry. Dont you think Shaikespeare must a had the noggin of I-D-allity tremendjeously developd? H. H.

TICKLING TROUT. An old sportsman of our acquaintance assures us that trout may be taken with a wonderful degree of certainty, by the art of tickling. It is, says he, performed in this way: Get your eye upon a good sized trout, walk carefully into the water just in his rear, place your hand just forward of his tail, and commence tickling along his belly towards his head. You must continue this operation until you have got your hand just anterior to the forward fins, when you are to slip the forefinger dextrously through the gills, and whip the trout from his native element, before he has had time to reflect on the ticklish condition in which he has been caught.

THE SCOTCH PARSON'S FIDDLE.—This, perhaps the fiddle of a Scotchman, is not emphatically "The Scotch fiddle." The anecdote is related by a Caledonian preacher of this city:—A respectable minister of the kirk in Scotland, who had a fondness for music, was accustomed to divert himself by playing on the bass viol. His indulgence in this innocent amusement had like to have proved fatal to his reputation; for it was noised abroad among his parishioners, that he was in the habit of playing the fiddle, which among the rigid and superstitious is reckoned as the devil's own instrument. What was to be done? The good people heard with horror, that their pastor was a mere fiddler—a man of Belial.

But the Scotch are proverbial for their prudence and moderation; and therefore instead of condemning their minister unheard, they thought it would be no more than just to inquire into the truth of the injurious report. Accordingly having met in solemn assembly, they appointed a delegation, consisting of some of the main pillars of the kirk, to wait upon the parson and inquire into the matter. They went to the minister's house, and were convinced both by ocular and auricular demonstration, that there was no truth in the rumor, and that the parson had been grossly slandered. They returned to the people to make their report, and said—"We have been wrangly informed in what was tauld us anent the feedling of our worthy minister—gude safe us!—It is na the *little wicked feedle*, that he makes use of, but it is the *big godly feedle*."

"THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG." This doctrine, which is so convenient to the crowned heads of the old world, some late political writers we perceive are fond of introducing into the new; and while they affect to reverence the President of the United States, are disposed to heap the blame of any mismanagement of the national affairs, on the premier or Secretary of State. But this is unjust in principle and injurious in practice. If the head of the government be not justly accountable for his own acts, we cannot perceive who is. It is no excuse to say that the acts of the administration are discharged by the underlings of office, and that the chief magistrate is led astray by wrong advisers. The old maxim—"*quod facit per alium, facit per se*," is politically just; and the cabinet maker is accountable for the faults of the cabinet. Without expressing any opinion of the present administration, we hold it to be sound doctrine, that if the President selects a cabinet of weak or dishonest men, he is justly accountable to the nation for the measures of that cabinet. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." If the doctrine be true, that the President can do no wrong, it is of no consequence who is President; he is a mere cipher.

EXCUSE FOR VOTING IN A HURRY. A gentleman, at the recent charter election in this city, had made up his mind to vote for a certain candidate for Alderman. But happening to fall into conversation respecting the merits of the two candidates, he received such an account of the dishonesty of his man, that he straightway resolved to vote for the other. But again falling into conversation with men of different views, he understood his new candidate to be nearly as great a rogue as the old one. This was somewhat of a puzzling case; but nevertheless, one which, in the mind of the voter, required despatch; "for," said he, "if I wait five minutes longer, my new man will be as bad as the old one, and then, I shall never be able to make up my mind again which I shall vote for." Accordingly he hastened to the poll, without stopping to speak to any one, and cast in his vote for the man who, by the latest accounts, appeared to be the lesser rogue of the two.

GIBBS' CONFESSION.—Gibbs, the pirate now under sentence of death, has made a long confession, in which he states that he has aided in the capture and destruction of forty vessels, and in the murder of four hundred persons. But part of this may turn out to be a fabrication; for scoundrels, condemned to the gallows, appear not unfrequently to take a pride in making themselves, out if possible worse than they are.

EUTERPEIAD. Mr. Horatio Gates, lately the able editor of the Catskill Recorder, is to take charge of the Euterpeiad, on the first of May.

☞ We will endeavor to sharpen our quill for the subject hinted at by "Good Manners."

A gentleman meeting with a negro who had lately left his service, inquired, "Well, Sambo, where do you live now?" "Lib says Sambo, "de debil, me lib no where, *married and move home*."

[For the Constellation.]

HOBOKEN;

An extract from an unpublished Poem.

"I've sat and mused upon thy old grey rocks,
Those stern and stalwart guardians of the tide,
Till the dew dripped from their unconscious locks,
The pendant vines that overhang their side.
How beautiful the scene! yon distant isles
Seemed prying in the blessed breezes bland,
That rested in the moon's benignant smiles,
Like "Eden blooming from its Maker's hand."

What though, Hoboken, we journey to thee now
With less of romance than in days of yore—
And noisy steam-boats the bright waters plough,
And city fashions promenade thy shore?
I'm glad canoes are with the "buried past,"
Which with a weary arm I've often row'd,
Until my fingers blistered—and my last
Nerve of strength was on the task bestow'd.

'Tis true, there's noise and dandies in the boat,
E'en tho' that boat be call'd "the Fairy Queen:"
A pair of wheels compels the Queen to float,
With a good copper boiler placed between.
Ah! little did old England's Spenser dream,
When singing to the world of greenwood fays,
That their gay monarch would be urged by steam,
And her fair temples crown'd with iron bays.

But what a modern bard hath sung—or said—
Is true—"that these are not the fabled times
So beautiful in Spenser;—no elfin shows his head,
Unless, indeed, it be in printed rhymes—
For e'en Hoboken, romantic though it be,
Hath ne'er a fairy in its solitudes;
Their nearest kin, are maids from work let free,
To roam on Sunday through the open woods.

Yet still I love thee—and full oft I go
To meditate and muse along thy heights,
For there, at noon or eventide, I know
My soul can revel in unbought delights:—
'Tis there, in Spring, the leaves are budding first,
And there the young flowers breathe their first perfume;
And in the Summer, coolness there is nursed,
Amid thine ancient woods of shadowy gloom.

What shall I say of thee, in Autumn time,
When none speak of thee, but they speak to praise?
Where can I find a new-constructed rhyme,
Or how invent a eulogistic phrase?
Alas! I know not—for I have not the gift
To let my musings to the paper start,
But from their glow could I the curtain lift,
Oh what would be the language of my heart!

The sound of Autumn winds is sweet to me—
I love the rustling of the faded leaf,
And the winds moaning through the leafless tree,
Bring more of luxury to my heart than grief.
The bickering streamlet has a wayward tone,
The sere grass crackles underneath the tread,
And when these voices mingle into one,
They surely do not whisper of the dead!

'Tis but the song that waits upon the change,
The music of the season and the hour,
It tells the soul that nature will estrange
But a brief space the Earth from bud and flower;
Therefore I love, at Autumn's busy prime,
To list the blendings of her many tones,
Where the deep ocean's never changing chime
Comes up to mingle with the old woods' moans.

* * * * *

I've not forgot thee, though I've mused awhile,
Loveliest Hoboken! nor shall I e'er forget
The softened beauty of the sunset smile,
That lingers round thy faded scenery yet:—
The parting sun with kindness views thee still,
The murmuring wave yet ripples to thy strand,
And he who sings thy praises, with a thrill
Of joy yet lingers on thy fairy land."

FERAMORZ.

From 'Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford.'

THE TWO DOLLS.

Fanny Elvington was a nice little girl, who had a great many good qualities, and, like other little girls, a few faults; which had grown up like weeds under the neglect and mismanagement of the people at the Park, and threatened to require both time and pains to eradicate. For instance, she had a great many foolish antipathies and troublesome fears, some caught from the affectation of the housekeeper, some from the ignorance of the nurse: she shrieked at the sight of a mouse, squalled at a frog, was well nigh ready to faint at an earwig, and quite as much afraid of a spider as if she had been a fly; she ran away from a quiet ox, as if he had been a mad bull, and had such a horror of chimney-sweepers that she shrank her head under the bedclothes whenever she heard the deep cry of 'sweep! sweep!' forerunning the old clothesman and the milkman on a frosty morning, and could hardly be persuaded to look at them, poor creatures, dressed in their tawdry tinsel and dancing round Jack of the Green on May-Day. But her favorite fear, her pet aversion, was a negro; especially a little black footboy who lived next door, and whom she never saw without shrinking, shuddering, and turning pale.

It was a most unlucky aversion for Fanny, and gave her and her aunt more trouble than all her other naughtinesses put together, inasmuch as Pompey came oftener in view than mouse or frog, spider or earwig, ox or chimney-sweep. How it happened nobody could tell, but Pompey was always in Fanny Elvington's way. She saw him twice as often as any one else in the house. If she went to the window, he was sure to be standing on the steps: if she walked in the Square garden, she met him crossing the pavement; she could not water her geraniums in the little court behind the house, but she heard his merry voice singing in broken English as he cleaned the knives and shoes on the other side of the wall; nay, she could not even hang out her Canary bird's cage at the back door, but he was sure to be feeding his parrot at theirs. Go where she would, Pompey's shining black face and broad white teeth followed her: he haunted her very dreams; and the oftener she saw him, whether sleeping or waking, the more her unreasonable antipathy grew upon her. Her cousins laughed at her without effect, and her aunt's serious remonstrances were equally useless.

The person who, next to Fanny herself, suffered the most from this foolish and wicked prejudice, was poor Pompey, whose intelligence, activity, and good humor, had made him a constant favorite in his master's house, and who had sufficient sensibility to feel deeply the horror and disgust which he had inspired in his young neighbor. At first he tried to propitiate her by bringing groundsel and chickweed for her Canary bird, running to meet her with an umbrella when she happened to be caught in the rain, and other small attentions, which were repelled with absolute loathing.

'Me same flesh and blood with you, missy, though skin be black,' cried poor Pompey one day when pushed to the extremity by Fanny's disdain, 'same flesh and blood missy!' a fact which the young lady denied with more than usual indignation; she looked at her own white skin, and she thought of his black one; and all the reason of her aunt failed to convince her, that where the outside was so very different, the inside could by possibility be alike. At last Mrs. Delmont was fain to leave the matter to the great curer of all prejudices, called Time, who in this case seemed even slower in his operations than usual.

In the meanwhile, Fanny's birthday approached, and as it was within a few days of that of her cousin Emma Delmont, it was agreed to celebrate the two festivals together. Double feasting! double holiday! double presents! never was a gayer anniversary. Mrs. Delmont's own gifts had been reserved to the conclusion of the jollity, and after the fruit was put on the table, two huge dolls, almost as big as real babies, were introduced to the little company. They excited and deserved universal admiration. The first was a young lady of the most delicate construction and the most elaborate ornament; a doll of the highest fashion, with sleeves like a bishop, a waist like a wasp, a magnificent bustle, and petticoats so full and so puffed out round the bottom, that the question of hoop or no hoop was stoutly debated between two of the elder girls. Her cheeks were very red, and her neck very white, and her ringlets in the newest possible taste. In short, she was so completely *a la mode* that a Parisian milliner might have sent her as a pattern to her fellow tradeswoman in London, or the London Milliner might have returned the compliment to her sister artist over the water. Her glories, however, were fated to be eclipsed. The moment that the second doll made its appearance, the lady of fashion was looked at no longer.

The second doll was a young gentleman, habited in the striped and braided costume which is the ordinary transition dress of boys between leaving off petticoats and assuming the doublet and hose. It was so exactly like Willy Delmont's own attire, that the astonished boy looked at himself to be sure that the doll had not stolen his clothes off his back. The apparel, however, was not the charm that fixed the attention of the young people; the attraction was the complexion, which was of as deep and shining a black, as perfect an imitation of a negro, in tint and feature, as female ingenuity could accomplish. The face, neck, arms and legs were all covered with black silk. Perhaps the novelty (for none of the party had seen a black doll before) might increase the effect, but they all declared that they had never seen so accurate an imitation, so perfect an illusion. Even Fanny, who at first sight had almost taken the doll for her old enemy Pompey in little, and had shrunk back accordingly, began at last to catch some of the curiosity (for curiosity is a catching passion) that characterized her companions. She drew near—she gazed—at last she even touched the doll, and listened with some interest to Mrs. Delmont's detail of the trouble she found in constructing the young lady and gentleman.

'What are they made of, aunt?'

'Rags, my dear!' was the reply: 'nothing but rags,' continued Mrs. Delmont, unripping a little of the black gentleman's foot and the white lady's arm, and showing the linen of which they were composed;—'both alike, Fanny,' pursued her good aunt, 'both the same color underneath the skin, and both the work of the same hand—like Pompey and you,' added she more solemnly; 'and now choose which doll you will.'

And Fanny, blushing and hesitating, chose the black one; and the next day her aunt had the pleasure to see her show it to Pompey over the wall, to his infinite delight; and, in a very few days, Mrs. Delmont had the still greater pleasure to find that Fanny Elvington had not only overcome and acknowledged her prejudice, but had given Pompey a new half-crown, and had accepted groundsel for her Canary bird from the poor negro boy.

Andreas Miaulis. It is delightful to contemplate such a character as that of Andreas Miaulis. As the eye in a dry and barren landscape, delights to rest upon some patch of verdure, which may chance to appear: so the mind, weary of contemplating the selfishness and vice of the leading Greeks, turns with pleasure to Miaulis, for a striking proof that all good has not departed from them. Miaulis was born at Hydra, and educated on the water; he is about sixty years of age; his frame large and rather corpulent, is well made and full of vigor. His countenance is one of those most difficult to describe, yet most strongly impressive; it inspires with affection and respect; and though there is no mark of greatness about it, yet you see there, the kind heart, the firm mind; you know not why or wherefore, but you see enough in his face to convince you that it is the face of an *honest* man. His complexion is light, and rather florid; his features strongly marked; the nose particularly large; and the eyes of a mild hazel color. Strangers are always struck with his particular appearance, and after ever so short an interview, go away satisfied that there is at least one honest, pure patriot, in Greece.

Miaulis inherited some property from his father, and like all his fellow islanders, he followed the sea from his youth. For a great number of years he sailed in his own ship, and by commerce gained a very considerable fortune; and always stood high in character among the Hydriotes, who were then remarkable for their *integrity in mercantile transactions*. He had long sighed for the liberty of his country, though enjoying every thing that wealth could command, though his native island was never sullied by the foot of a Moslem, and escaped all direct oppression by the payment of an annual tribute, and a supply of seamen to the Turkish fleet; still, in common with many around him he felt bitterly the degradation of Greece; and was ready to risk fortune and life in any rational scheme for her redemption. He was averse to the struggle having been commenced at the precise period it was commenced; because he did not consider the people sufficiently enlightened to conduct it to a favorable issue; but when once the blow was struck, he embarked heartily in the cause, and has ever been foremost in exposing himself, in sacrificing his fortune, in giving an example of obedience to government, and perfect disinterestedness of action.

Such is the man who commanded the Greek fleet; and so irreproachable is his character, that even in Greece, where the people are so jealous and suspicious of their leading men, that the least foible cannot escape them, no voice is ever raised against Miaulis; all parties unite in considering him perfectly pure and disinterested in his patriotism. And a doubt expressed of it, would sound as strange to a Greek as to an American to hear the patriotism of Washington questioned.

Choosing a wife. Who is there, who in the sanctuary of his hidden thoughts, would balance a moment, in forming a partnership for life, between a flaunty belle, though robed in the finest silks of Persia, and tinted ever so brightly with native or apothecary's vermillion, and a plain young lady, neat, modest, intelligent, instructed with a full mind and regulated heart.

POETRY.

A case like the following needs not the adornments of fancy, nor the exaggerations of fiction. I have given in the simplest language to illustrate the barbarity of a system, which, *as far as it goes*, is scarcely surpassed by African slavery—namely, that of imprisonment for debt.

THE POOR DEBTOR.

He lay upon a loathsome floor,
A log for pillow for his head,—
Nor straw nor blanket for his bed,—
His locks with age were hoar!

Turns said upon his blanched cheek
To see what arrows grief had made—
A poor old man bereft of aid—
Ah! who his woes shall speak?

What was the glorious sun to him?
The jewel of the earth in bloom?
Contained within a living tomb,
Useless was every limb!

And he were a beast of prey,—
The direfully fed human kind,—
Strong bolts and barbarous frame confined,
Lest he should break away!

His food was scanty, coarse, unchanged;
Through grates he gasp'd for vital air;
Thieves, cut-throats, his companions were—
From virtue's paths estranged.

Yet in his country's good defence,
He once his blood had freely pour'd,
And valiantly had borne the sword—
This was his recompense!

What was his crime, do you inquire?
The worst of all—'twas *poverty*.
He owed his neighbor dollars three*—
His neighbor found him in liar—!

Not long did that old man remain
Within his gloomy cell—
Thanks to a friend!—What friend, pray tell?
'Twas DEATH that broke his chain!

G——s.

* Cases of imprisonment for a smaller sum are very common.

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A Brewer in a country town,
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down,
The hosts of the surrounding station,
Carving his name upon their mugs,
And painting it on every shutter;
And though some envious folks would utter
Hints, that its flavor came from drugs,
Others would stain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg —— and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty black,
An honest fellow;
But one weak and an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brewed,
Till he was stupified and mellow,
One day in this too-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
(Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
Reel'd—fell—and nothing more said,
But in his favorite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt or crime or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo! outstretched upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done—in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster;
His face should other tipplers strike,
Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard!

Next morn a publican whose tap
Had help'd to drain the tap so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging, as a special favor,
Some more of the exact same flavor.

Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask,—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black,
And boil him down at every brewing.

Eng. Paper.

Miss Sigourney. A beautiful poem from the pen of this lady has been published. It was occasioned by the death of Alice, daughter of the lamented Dr. Coggewell, of the city of Hartford, Connecticut,—one of those unfortunate beings, who are denied the exercise of speech, and from whom the world of sound is excluded—but, who possessed high capacities of mind, and whose heart was full of pure and exalted affections. The following extract is deeply imbued with feeling. It seems like the very language of a better world—the melodious whispers of the "just made perfect." It is as if the beautiful spirit of the pure hearted Alice were communing with us from her inheritance of joy—

"Where none may mourn
The ear sequestrate and the tuneless tongue.
And where the eternal dialect of love
Is the free breath of every happy soul."

ALICE.

Sisters!—there's music here—
From countless harps it flows,
Throughout this bright celestial sphere
Nor pause nor discord knows.
The seal is melted from my ear
By love divine;
And what through life I pined to hear,
Is mine?—Is mine!
The warbling of an ever tuneful choir,
And the full deep response of David's golden lyre.
Did the kind earth hide from me
Her broken harmony;
That thus the melodies of Heaven might roll,
And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my wrapt, my wondering soul?

Joy! I am *mute* no more;
My sad and silent years,
With all their painful toils, are o'er!
Sweet sisters! Dry your tears!—
Listen at hush of eve—listen at rising day—
List yet at the door of prayer,—*can ye not hear my lay?*
Untaught, unchecked, it rises,
As light from Chaos beam'd—
Praising the glorious name
Whose blood on Calvary stream'd:
And still it swells that highest strain—the song of the Redeem'd.

Brother! My only one—
Beloved from cradle hours,—
With whom beneath the vernal sun
I wander'd when our task was done,
And gather'd early flowers.
I would come to thee!
Though 'twas so sweet to rest
Upon thy gentle guiding arm, thy sympathizing breast—
'Tis better here to be,
—No disappointments shroud
The angel bowers of joy;
Our knowledge hath no cloud,
No taint, no alloy;
The fearful word *to part*
Is never breath'd above;
Heaven hath no broken heart:—
Call me not hence, my love!

N. Y. Review.

EATON "THRASHING MACHINE."—Dr. Keate, head master of Eaton, who is celebrated for *flogging*, has received the following letter:—"Rev. Sir: unless you lay aside your "thrashing machine," you will hear further from Swing."

Dr. Keate, Dr. Keate,
There's distress in your "beat,"
And the sufferers, great and small,
It was plain to be seen
That your "thrashing machine"
Must be at the *bottom of all.*

But now I'd advise,
Dr. Keate, if you're wise,
And would keep your ain-tail (entail) from all harm,
You'll desist while you can,
And adopt our new plan
Of a grand ornamental reform!

VARIETY.

A Sister's Love. There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, withal, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and in his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

Court Sycophancy.—The Prince of Wales had scarcely completed his second year, when courtiers made their way to his presence by the back stairs. The most remarkable of these was Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his 80th year. "You see," says Horace Walpole, in a letter, dated 1761, "Lord Bath does not hobble up the back stairs for nothing. Oh! he is an excellent courtier. The Prince of Wales shoots him with plaything arrow; he falls down dead, and the child kills him alive again. Melancholy ambition! I accord him t'other night propose himself to Lady Townshend, as a rich widower. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children, to be flattering those of kings!" The Earl of Bath died in the same year.

Deleterious Properties of Gas. The scientific and medical world are alike indebted to Davy for this daring experiment, (breathing carburetted hydrogen gas;) and if the precautions it suggests be properly attended to, it may become the means of preserving human life. The experiment is also valuable, as affording support to physiological views with which its author was probably unacquainted. In the first place, it may be necessary to apprise some of my readers that the hydro-carbonate here spoken of differs very little from the gas now so generally used to illuminate our streets and houses. We have just seen how deadly are its qualities, and that even in a state of extreme dilution, it will affect our sensations. The question then naturally suggests itself, how far this gas can be safely introduced into the interior of our apartments? Did we not possess any direct evidence upon the subject, the answer would be sufficiently obvious, since it is impossible so to conduct its combustion that a portion shall not remain unburnt. So is the theory; but what is our experience on the subject? That pains in the head, nausea, and distressing languor, have been repeatedly experienced in our theatres and saloons, by persons inhaling the unburnt gas: that the atmosphere of a room, although spacious and empty, will, if lighted with gas, convey a sense of oppression to our organs of respiration, as if we were inhaling an atmosphere contaminated, with the breath of a hundred persons. In the next place, Davy's experiment is important, inasmuch as it proves that in cases of asphyxia, or suspended animation, there exists a period of danger after the respiration has been restored, and the circulation re-established, at which death may take place when we are least prepared to expect it. Bichat has shown that, when dark-colored blood (venous) is injected into the vessels of the brain, by means of a syringe connected with the carotid artery, the functions of the brain become immediately disturbed, and in a short time entirely cease. The effect is precisely similar, whether the dark-colored blood be transmitted to the brain by the syringe of the experimentalist, or by the heart itself. Thus, in the case of asphyxia, the dark-colored blood, which has been propelled through the vessels during the suspension, or imperfect performance, of respiration, acts like a narcotic poison on the brain; and no sooner, therefore, does it extend its malign influence on that organ, than deleterious effects are produced, and the animal, after apparent recovery, falls into a state of stupor, the pupils of the eyes become dilated, the respiration laborious, the muscles of the body convulsed, and it speedily dies—poisoned by its own blood. In the experiment which has given origin to these reflections, (adds Dr. Paris,) Davy distinctly states, that after having recovered from the primary effects of the carburetted hydrogen gas, and taken a walk with his friend, he was again seized with giddiness, attended with nausea and loss of sensation. The imperfectly oxygenised or dark-colored blood had evidently affected his brain, and his life, at this period, was probably in greater jeopardy than in any other stage of the experiment.

Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.

A Living Clock. Miss Hamilton, in her book on education, gives a very remarkable proof that the memory of perception may be enjoyed in high perfection, where all the other faculties are defective. "An Idiot so utterly destitute of the faculty of perception, as never to be capable of acquiring the use of speech, though it did not appear that his organs, either of speech or hearing, were at all defective) was for a great number of years confined to an apartment, where he was occasionally visited by his family and friends. In this apartment stood a clock, to the striking of which he evidently appeared very attentive, and it was the only sign of attention, which he ever displayed.—Every time the clock struck, he made a clucking noise, in imitation of the sound and thus he continued to do as often as the hour returned. After several years the clock was removed; when to the surprise of all he continued, as the hour came, to make exactly the same noise. He was perfectly exact in the calculation of the time, and never missed an hour in the day or the night; *nor did he ever cluck one too many, or too few.* To the hour of his death he continued to give exact notice of the lapse of time without the slightest variation!

Galvanism. The Boston Palladium, (says the Gardiner Chronicle) relates an amusing and singular incident which is said to have occured a few evenings ago at a lecture room in Boston. Some galvanic experiments were to be made, and a large dog being selected for the purpose, he was executed about fifteen minutes before the commencement of the lecture. It being necessary to expose muscles or nerves to the action of the battery, the dog's tail was then cut off. At the first application of the galvanic power, poor Tray, who had only been stunned by the blows he had received from the executioner, roused himself, and, with a jump and a growl, seized the first man in his way by the calf of his leg, and then, in spite of canes and umbrellas, he ran, spattering blood profusely upon every body, to the door, which the scientific company were very glad to open for his escape.

SERVIN, *"The Prodigious Son."* While a youthful prodigy was Barkering Shakspeare, though not exactly after the fashion of Burke the Edinburgh Resurrectionist, a friend sent us the following account of a young Frenchman named Servin. Nothing but the pressure of other matters has heretofore prevented our taking advantage of the civility. The extract is from the third volume of the Memoirs of the Duke of Sully.

On the accession of James I. to the British throne, Henry IV. King of France, sent his illustrious minister Sully, as Ambassador to London, to congratulate the successor of the irreconcilable enemy of his irreconcilable enemies. Sully observes:—"I set out for Calais, in the beginning of June, where I was to embark, having with me a retinue of upwards of two hundred gentlemen. Just before my departure, old Servin came and presented his son to me, and begged I would use my endeavors to make him a man of some worth and honesty; but he confessed it was what he dared not hope, not through any want of understanding or capacity in the young man, but from his natural inclination to all kinds of vice. The old man was in the right; for what he told me having excited my curiosity to gain a thorough knowledge of young Servin, I found him at once both a wonder and a monster; for I can give no other idea of that assemblage of the most excellent and most pernicious qualities.

Let the reader represent to himself a man of a genius so lively, and an understanding so extensive, as rendered him acquainted with almost every thing that could be known; of so vast and ready a comprehension, that he immediately made himself master of whatever he attempted; and of so prodigious a memory, that he never forgot what he had once learned; he possessed all parts of philosophy and the mathematics, particularly fortification and drawing; even in theology he was so well skilled, that he was an excellent preacher whenever he had a mind to exert that talent, and an able disputant for and against the reformed religion indifferently; he not only understood Greek, Hebrew, and all the languages which we call learned, but also all the different jargons of modern dialects; he accented and pronounced them so naturally, and so perfectly imitated the gestures and manners, both of the several nations of Europe, and the particular provinces of France, that he might have been taken for a native of all, or any of the countries; and this quality he applied to counterfeit all sorts of persons, wherein he succeeded wonderfully; he was, moreover, the best comedian and greatest droll that perhaps ever appeared; he had a genius for poetry, and had written many verses; he played upon almost all instruments; was a perfect master of music, and sang most agreeably and justly; he likewise could say mass; for he was of a disposition to do, as well as to know, all things: his body was perfectly well suited to his mind, he was light, nimble, dextrous, and fit for all exercises, he could ride well, and in dancing, wrestling, and leaping, he was admired; there are no games of recreation that he did know; and he was skilled in almost all mechanic arts. But now for the reverse of the medal; here it appeared that he was treacherous, cruel, cowardly, deceitful; a liar, a cheat, a drunkard, and a glutton; a swearer in play, immersed in every species of vice, a blasphemer, an atheist, in a word, in him might be found all the vices contrary to nature, honor, religion and society; the truth of which he himself evinced with his latest breath, for he died in the flower of his age, in a common brothel, perfectly corrupted by his debaucheries, and expired with a glass in his hand, cursing and denying God."

Boston Courier.

We record the following anecdote as a warning to such of our male and married readers as may be in the perilous habit of playing chess with a wife. Ferreid, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the Countess at chess, she contrived a hatred against him, which came to such a height that when the Count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines she suffered him to remain a long while in prison, though she could have easily procured his release. Our Charles I. was thus occupied when informed that the Scots had finally resolved to sell him to the Parliament; but he was so intent upon the game, that he finished it with great composure. Innumerable are the similar instances that might be adduced to prove the deep fascination which this bewitching game exercises over the minds of those who lend themselves to its seductions.

Smith's Festivals, games, &c

Lord Lyttleton. "The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttleton, prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.—Sir Walter Scott.

Playing cards. A new and very handsome appearance has just been given to playing-cards, by Messrs Reynolds, which is not only beautiful in itself, but likely to be advantageous in use. It consists of enamelling the backs of the cards, with a pretty pattern in gold enamel, which certainly looks well, we had almost said splendid. But it is further stated that, in consequence of this sort of ornament the cards are rendered more firm, and less liable to warp; they deal readily, and lie flat, so that, altogether, we think the process an improvement well calculated to reward the ingenuity of its inventors.

The moon on Sunday evening last appeared to be more than twice the usual size Many persons had collected together and were wondering at its strange appearance. A wag passing at the time, was asked if he could account for it, "why yes" said he, "the moon feels pretty large, 'cause it eclipsed the sun yesterday."

New Haven Pal

From "Legends of New-England."

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The gaunt Wolf,
Scenting the place of slaughter with his long
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood."

"The wolf—the gaunt and ferocious wolf! How many tales of wild horror are associated with his name! Tales of the deserted battle-field—where the wolf and the vulture feast together—a horrible and obscene banquet, realizing the fearful description of the Seige of Corinth, when—

"On the edge of a gulf,
There sat a raving flapping wolf,"

amidst the cold and stiffening corses of the fallen; or of the wild Scandinavian forests, where the peasant sinks down exhausted amid the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf-howl sounds fearfully on his deafening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer and closer around him, as if impatient for the death of the doomed victim.

"The early settlers of New-England were not unfrequently incommoded by the numbers and ferocity of the wolves, which prowled around their rude settlements. The hunter easily overpowered them, and with one discharge of his musket scattered them from about his dwelling. They fled even from the timid child, in the broad glare of day—but in the thick and solitary night, far away from the dwellings of men, they were terrible from their fiendish and ferocious appetite for blood.

"I have heard of a fearful story of the wolf, from the lips of some of the old settlers of Vermont. Perhaps it may be best told in the language of one of the witnesses of the scene.

"'Twas a night of January, in the year 17—. We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our little settlement of four or five log-houses. 'Twas rather late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon—and a dull, grey shadow or haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly-looking stars gave us their dull light, as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and myself, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a right down handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet-spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder then that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

"'Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark, full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep—deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years—but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the white pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a low, long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were folded close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—'the wolves—the wolves!'

"'Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for sixpence sight, children half price—but a fierce, half starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

"'Another, and another howl—and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We all turned right about, and looked in the direction of the sound.

"'The devils are after us,' said Mason, pointing to a line of dark, gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a powwow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us to feel that it would be useless to contend without them. There was not a moment to lose—the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"'To the tree—let us climb this tree!' I cried springing forwards towards a low boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance, might be easily climbed into.

"'Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold—and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the top-mast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then their yells—they were loud and long and devilish!

"'I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us: and a moment after a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went plunging down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"'Oh, God! I am gone!'

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not—and I stirred not—for the whole was at that time like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined with them—and that there were smothered groans, and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

"'When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sisters, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raging animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt to rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down upon the dark, wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was *indeed* a terrible scene. Around us was the thick cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

"'The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of day-light, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting-place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb with cold and terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the dreadful things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains all around the tree; and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled into the snow.

"'We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-sicken creatures. They assisted us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason never recovered fully from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, and would sit alone for hours together, ever and anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a hair of his head.

"'For my own part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my own shadow; and even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

J. G. W.

The Seed of Laziness. Never check industry in the young, even when it is unprofitable, if it is without bad motives; for industry is habit, and if you get *youth* to calculating the value of exertion, you not only destroy that natural disposition in us to "be doing," but the growing habit will quickly exclude the performance of ever-occuring and oft-important duties, as not worth the doing, which amounts to *laziness*, "the root of all evil." Howard

ANECDOTES OF WOMEN.

By the Author of American Anecdotes.

CHIVALROUS HEROINE

The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotor. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hoton having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hoton was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honour, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-lach, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shouldess, discovered her sex. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family, and in honor of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto *Galea spes salutis.*

GENEROUS SACRIFICE.

Some years ago, a Parician female of humble birth inspired a young gentleman of rank, an officer in the army, with so strong an affection for her, that his parents, fearing that he should disgrace his family by a disproportionate alliance, had him confined in the Bastile. The poor girl no sooner heard of his confinement, which she apprehended would last as long as the fears of his friends should continue, than she resolved to remove the principal obstacle of his liberty, by sacrificing herself. Accordingly, one evening, she drank the fatal cup, which was to put an end to her existence, and thus release her lover from prison. The following letter she entrusted to a friend, charging her not to deliver it to the father of the young gentleman, until her body had been consigned to the grave.

"Sir,—Your son did love me; I felt for him a mutual inclination, you feared lest this growing passion should end in his disgrace; and this motive you have deemed sufficient to justify your acting in a more barbarous manner than is perhaps consistent with the character of a parent. I should look upon myself more cruel than you, were I not to give that beloved man a proof that his happiness has constantly been the sole object of the woman he loved. His confinement must be at an end as soon as you learn I no longer exist. These are the last lines my hand shall ever trace, and my friend is directed to present them to you, with an authentic certificate of my death. You have hastened that period; but I abstain from reproaches.—Read this with as much coolness as I feel in writing it. Restore your son to freedom; do it generously, and forbear embittering the gift, by acquainting him at what price I have purchased it; the fatal tale will reach him but too soon; he will then know how I have punished myself for an attachment, which was to endure to this the last day of the unfortunate, ANTOINETTE.

MRS. POWELL.

When Mr. Boaden had read his unsuccessful drama of "Aurelio and Miranda," in the Green Room, he observed that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. Mrs. Powell, the actress, who was present, said she knew one thing much more terrible. "What can that be?" demanded the author. "To be obliged," said she, "to sit and hear it."

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis died recently in France at the advanced age of eighty. This lady was probably possessed of as great talent for the correct education of youth as any of her contemporaries of either sex. Her "Theatre of Education" has long been a model for dramatic, didactic composition, being within the comprehension of the most youthful intellect, and stored with precepts of the purest morality and usefulness. It is no small tribute to her merit to state, that she was governess over the early years both of the ex-King of France, Charles X. and of the present king of the French, Louis Phillipe; she may be termed the female Warwick of her time—"the setter up and puller down of kings."

HORSEMANSHIP OF THE PERUVIAN LADIES.

The ladies of Tarija are celebrated for their horsemanship, and frequently distinguish themselves at public races, which are here a very favorite amusement among all classes; and on those occasions, difficult as it may appear, the jockeys, male or female, ride bare-backed. The usual seat of the ladies is the same as that of the English; but their saddles have no crutch, nor support of any kind, being precisely of the make of a man's common saddle in England, only much smaller, and over it is thrown a *peonil*, (a worsted saddle-cloth of fancy colors) on which they sit with ease and confidence. Sometimes females may be seen sitting *en croupe* behind the horseman, and once or twice I observed them get into that seat by means which prove at least the gentleness of the animal. A knot was tied in the horse's tail, into which the lady introduced her foot; then giving one hand to the horseman, she was assisted into her place on the animal's back.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A great many women took an active part in the combats in Paris, and several distinguished themselves by feats of extraordinary courage. A young and pretty girl, nineteen years of age, who, during the three days, appeared in front of the combatants armed with a musket, acquired such an ascendency over the citizens, that they regarded her almost as their captain. Intrepid on the field of battle, she lavished her kind attentions on the wounded when the firing had ceased. So much heroism, devotion, and humanity, excited the enthusiasm of all who witnessed it. On the evening of the third day, this young girl was borne in triumph through the streets of Paris. A great crowd accompanied her, shouting cries of joy. In one hand she held a sword, and in the other the tri-colored flag. Lighted torches shed a brilliancy on this gay cortege.

From Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.

SECOND SIGHT.

The good people of Caledonia have so long and exclusively engrossed the faculty of 'second sight,' that it may justly surprise many to learn that we also have been favored with at least one case as well attested as their own! I refer to the instance of Eli Yarnall, of Frankford. Whatever were his first peculiarities, he in time lost them. He fell into intemperate habits, became a wanderer, and died in Virginia, a young man. He was born in Bucks county, and with his family emigrated to the neighborhood of Pittsburg.—There, when a child of seven years of age, he suddenly burst into a fit of laughter in the house, saying he then saw his father (then at a distance) running down the mountain side trying to catch a jug of whiskey which he had let fall. He saw him overtake it, &c. When the father came in, he confirmed the whole story, to the great surprise of all. The boy after this excited much wonder and talk in the neighborhood. Two or three years after this, the family were visited by Robert Verree, a public friend, with other visiting friends from Bucks county. I have heard, in a very direct manner, from those who heard Verree's narrative, that he, to try the lad, asked him various questions about circumstances then occurring at his own house in Bucks county; all of which he afterwards ascertained to have been really so at that precise time! Some of the things mentioned were these, viz.; 'I see your house is made partly of log and partly of stone; before the house is a pond, which is now let out: in the porch sits a woman, and a man with grey hairs; in the house are several men,' &c. When Verree returned home, he ascertained that his mill pond before his house had just been let out to catch musk rats; that the man in the porch was his wife's brother Jonathan; that the men in the house were his mowers, who had all come in because of a shower of rain. In short, he said every iota was exactly realized.

"The habit of the boy, when he sought for such facts, was to sit down and hold his head downward, his eyes often shut; and after some waiting declared what he saw in his vision. He has been found abroad in the fields, sitting on a stump, crying, on being asked the reason, he said he saw great destruction of human life by men in mutual combat. His descriptions answered exactly to sea fights and army battles, although he had never seen the sea, nor ships, nor cannons, all of which he fully described as an actual looker-on. Some of the friends who saw him, became anxious for his future welfare, and deeming him possessed of a peculiar gift and a good spirit, desired to have the bringing of him up. He was therefore committed to the mastery of Nathan Harper, a friend, engaged in the business of tanning, in Frankford. There he excited considerable conversation; and so many began to visit him as to be troublesome to his master, who did what he could to discourage the calls. Questions on his part were therefore shunned as much as he could. He lost his faculty by degrees, and fell into loose company, which, of itself, prevented serious people from having any further wish to interrogate him.

"To instance the kind of inquiries which were usually presented to him, it may be stated, that wives who had missed their husbands long, sur-

posed by shipwreck for instance, would go to him and inquire. He would tell them (it is said) of some still alive, what they were then about, &c. Another case, was a man, for banter, went to him to inquire who stole his pocket book, and he was answered, 'No one, but you stole one out of a man's pocket, when at the vendue," and it was so.

"His mother would not allow him 'to divine for money,' lest he should thereby lose the gift, which she deemed heaven-derived. The idea is not novel, as may be seen in John Woolman's Life, where he speaks of a rare gift of healing, which was lost by taking a reward.

"These are strange things, evidencing matters, 'not dreamed of in our philosophy.' I give these facts as I heard them. I 'nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice.'"

Wonderful Escape. Mr. Joseph Adams was last night awakened by the sound of a loud noise which resembled shuffling, groans, like one in the agonies of death, and a tremendous crash of glass in the third story of his house, (Danforth street,) all of which appeared to come from the chamber where his son, about 13 years of age, slept. He arose from his bed to ascertain the cause of this disturbance. His first suspicions were that some person or persons had broken into the house, who were attempting to commit murder or to plunder property.

Mr. Adams went up stairs as soon as possible, into the chamber occupied by his son. The bed he found undisturbed, the room in some disturbance, and the window sash broken to pieces. Looking out of the window, he saw his child standing on the ground, who, on being spoken to, answered in his usual tone of voice as though nothing had happened. The father ran down stairs immediately, and found the boy bleeding in both arms, approaching the front door to enter the house. The first words that struck the ears of the agonised parent were, "father, my arms are broken." The boy was immediately taken into the house, a physician called in, and on examination, it appeared that the only injury sustained was the laceration of the fleshy part of both arms!

The account that the son gives, is, that while dreaming, it appeared that some person had come into his chamber with the intention of murdering him. Affrighted he jumped out of bed and seemed to defend himself for a while with a chair, but finding this defence unsuccessful, and the assailant pressing onward with greater force, he made an attempt to escape by the window.

First he run his arm through the glass, but this hole not being large enough to jump through, he took the chair, and beating the whole sash to pieces, immediately jumped out of the third story window to the ground. Strange to tell, not a bone was fractured. Though he fell on a picket gate, and though the gate was literally broken to pieces, yet the only injury he sustained was the laceration of his arms. He is now doing well.

Portland Advertiser.

Glenburnie. Two brothers, who lived in the same house together, have been thrown into a state of unimaginable alarm by the sudden apparition of some being in the shape of a monkey, which sat perched in the chimney at the back of their fire, with boiled potatoes in his sooty hands, which he, with malignant pleasure, began to cast in the face of the timid brothers, in the most unceremonious manner. The appearance, as we have said, was that of a monkey; no pug, however, having been seen in the neighborhood for years, the ghastly thing was deemed to be no other than a personification of the evil one, and the consequence was that the men's terror soon augmented to so great a degree, that they both fled to the door with the utmost precipitation, after the one had exclaimed to the other, "Tam, we're ewre lang here," leaving the whole of their chattels, goods, and gear, in the possession of the demon. Judge of their surprise when they learned that the enemy who had put them to flight was no other than a little monkey which had absconded from a caravan, and which had entered their house in the dark, and picked up some potatoes from the pot which contained their supper, with which in its hands it had sprung up unnoticed to the chimney. Edi. Herald.

Death of Bishop Allen. It is with regret that we record the death of the Rev. RICHARD ALLEN, first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, which occurred at Philadelphia on the 26th March. His age was 71 years. In every respect, Bishop Allen was an extraordinary man. He labored incessantly, through a long life, for the temporal and spiritual happiness of his colored brethren, and his efforts were crowned with success. The usefulness of his life was inestimable; his death will be in the highest degree afflictive.

Boston Liberator.

In the morning, think what thou hast to do; and at night ask thyself what thou hast done.

Modern Discoveries and Improvements. I can offer no conjecture how many of Wren's fifty-three discoveries and inventions are at present in use amongst mankind. The wonderful improvement in the rapidity of printing, and the invention of copying instruments, have made his double pen unnecessary; the discoveries of Arkwright have superseded his ribbon machine; the steam-engine of James Watt will pump more water in five minutes than Wren's best engine would in an hour; a steam-packet will outstrip all his new ways of sailing; a line of battle ship of the days of William the Fourth would blow a dozen of the first rates of Charles the Second's time to the moon; the harbour of Ramsgate and the breakwater of Plymouth, conquered from the deep sea by the genius and skill of Rennie, are infinitely more laborious and magnificent than any thing the first founders of the Royal Society contemplated; their "easier way of whalefishing" would have small chance beside the gun-harpoon; the speediest ways "of attacking and carrying forts" of the year 1660, would never have sufficed for the investing, battering, breaching, and storming of the Badajos in a dozen days. No conveyances of the days of Stewarts could have had any chance of overtaking a telegraphic despatch; nor would the swiftest coaches that ever traversed the brain of the Royal Society have been formidable rivals to the twelve miles an hour mails of his Majesty's government—to say nothing of the steam-coaches of the Liverpool Railway. Yet we must not think, inasmuch as we have few or none of his inventions at work with us now, that consequently his labours were vain or unnecessary. Invention yields to invention, and man improves on man in all things which lie within the dominion of ingenuity and labor. It is otherwise in the realm of imagination: English poetry has not risen since Shakspeare and Milton.

Family Library—Lives of Architects.

STORE TO LET.

IN Broadway, next to the corner of Maiden Lane, at present occupied as a Druggist Store. Two or three Rooms over the same, and a very large Vault in front will be let with it, if required. Apply at WAITE'S, next door for particulars.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY, Extra Class No. 8, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Thursday, the 21st of April, 1831. 36 number Lottery, by Ternary Permutation—6 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$30,000	is	$30,000
1		20,000		20,000
1		10,000		10,000
1		5,000		5,000
1		4,000		4,000
1		2,520		2,520
6		2,000		12,000
6		1,500		9,000
12		1,000		12,000
12		500		6,000
30		200		6,000
48		100		4,800
180		50		9,000
180		40		7,200
180		30		5,400
2160		20		43,200
15660		10		156,600
18480 prizes, 24360 blanks,	42840 tickets,			$342,720

YATES & MINTYRE, *Managers.*

SYLVESTER, 130 *Broadway,*
MORE NEWS, MORE SUCCESS.

THE all lucky SYLVESTER has again sold many of the best capitals in the New-York Lottery, Class No. 5, drawn this day, 14th April.

18 14 1 11 37 30 9 53

*** All orders must be addressed to S. J. Sylvester, who is regularly licensed to Vend Lottery Tickets.

The following prizes will next be drawn. Orders from abroad meet same attention as on personal application.

I am ready to execute orders; and those who write will receive the "Reporter and Counterfeit Detector," a paper published by me every Thursday, containing the latest news, state of the market, reading matter, official schemes and drawings (examined by the managers,) a full counterfeit detector, prices of stocks, shares, gold and silver, rates of exchange and much other useful matter, particularly a full corrected price current. To those who deal with me no charge is made—others, $1,50 per annum, in advance.

April 21—Extra, No. 8—Curious, good, and cheap, only 36 numbers and 7 drawn—$30,000—$20,000, $10,000—Tickets $10. Those taking a package of 12 tickets have a chance of every Capital.

April 28—Extra, No. 9—$10,000, &c.—Tickets $5.

May 5—Extra, No. 10—Grand, great, and glorious—$40,000, $30,000, $20,000, $10,000—Tickets $10.

May 12—Extra, No. 11—$20,000—Tickets $5.

N. B. As usual, I attend to the Commission and Exchange Business in all their branches.

April 16. S. J. SYLVESTER.

FLAG HANDKERCHIEFS.

A Large assortment German, India, English, Pongee, &c. Handkerchiefs.

Also, Lawn and Linen Cambric do. Constantly for sale, at wholesale and retail, by

Feb. 5 D. O. CAULKINS, 56 Maiden-lane.

G. CHILTON,

OPERATIVE CHYMIST AND APOTHECARY, No. 31 Park Row, New York, keeps constantly for sale an assortment of Chymical and Philosophical Apparatus, an extensive assortment of Chymical Glass Ware, Boxes of Tests neatly fitted up, and all Chymical Preparations in a state of purity—such as Potassium, Alcoholic Potassa and Soda Iodine, Bromine Baryta, Strontia, and their Salts, Hydriodate of Potassa, do. Soda, Chromate and Bichromate of Potass, Chlorides of Lime, Soda, Potassa, &c., Chlorate of Potassa—with all the vegetable principles lately discovered by the French Chymists, such as Saleine, Quinine, Morphine, Cinchonine, Brucine, and their Salts, Delphine, Strechnine, Ambrene, Caffeine, Emetine, Rhubarbarine, &c. &c.

PHILOSOPHICAL APPARATUS:

Sectional and Working Models of Steam Engines, Electrical Machines of various patterns, Air Pumps French and American.

*** Minerals, cabinets and single specimens, Shells, Crystals, Earths, Metals, &c., Platina sponge, wire, plate, &c., with every article necessary for a course of Lectures. April 16.

SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDERS.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has prepared four different kinds of Tooth Powders, viz., the Black, the Red, the Brown, (Peruvian powder of Dr. Hufeland, late physician to the King of Prussia,) and the White. He particularly calls the attention of Dentists, and of those whose teeth are either decayed or apt to turn black, to his White Tooth Powder, whose beneficial properties have of late been approved by the most eminent French Chymists; and the subscriber can warrant it to be superior to any other preparation of the kind. DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

German Drug and Chymical Store, 377 Broadway, Next to the corner of White street.

GENUINE GERMAN AND FRENCH

EAU DE COLOGNE.

THERE are but few articles more liable to adulteration than this; and while the real German water from Cologne, (at the Rhine) is remarkable for its sweet and delightful perfume, so that it strengthens the nerves and refreshes the sick, the other thousand spurious preparations are nothing more than a mixture of oils and spirit.

The best quality of the German Cologne Water, and a complete assortment of the French Eau de Cologne, is to be found at the German Drug and Chymical Store of

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
377 Broadway, one door next White street

PIANO FORTES.

T. LOUD, Piano Forte Manufacturer, 453 Broadway, respectfully informs the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of Piano Fortes, of his own make at such liberal prices as to command a preference, when in addition to a very reduced price, they will be found on trial to be sterling articles, not to be excelled in beauty, durability, fulness of tone and freedom of touch, by any in the city, and but rarely equalled.

N. B. The well known and long established character of T. Loud's Pianos, has been earned by many years assiduous attention and practical experience, both in this country and in London, and are all warranted. Good Piano Fortes to hire, and a large quantity of engraved Music selling off at four, and even three cents the page. 19

REMOVAL.

BOOT and Shoe Store, 42 Canal Street.—HENRY LEARNED, informs his friends and the public, that he has removed his Store from No. 52, to 42 Canal Street, one door West of Broadway, where he has constantly on hand, a good assortment of Ladies, Gentlemens and Childrens custom made Boots and Shoes of the first quality, at the lowest prices. Boots and Shoes repaired at the shortest notice, and in the neatest manner. tf

ROBERT LOVETT,
Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms, initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone.

Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names.

March 26. 1y19

GLOVES.

D. O. CAULKINS, 56, Maiden Lane, has just received an extensive assortment of Ladies and Gentlemen's Gloves, among which are Bordard of the best quality, for sale cheap, at wholesale and retail.

UMBRELLAS,

A fresh assortment just received of the following kinds:

Brown Taffeta finished in the best style
Do do French manufacture
Sinchow, green, blue and brown, various sizes
Florence and Sarsnet do
Scotch and English gingham do, metal tubes
Common cotton do, whalebone frames.

The above are just manufactured and are offered at the lowest market prices at wholesale and retail.

March 26. tf19

BOSTON CRACKERS.

THE subscriber would inform the public, that he continues to manufacture BOSTON CRACKERS, at his old stand, No. 234 DELANCEY, *corner of Rutgers street,* in a superior manner, and the only establishment where they are made, as they should be, in this city. He has got up this business at a great expense and labor, and hopes, together with his former exertions, and his future attention to the business, he shall merit the patronage of a generous public. WILLIAM BOND, Agent.

Feb 12 6m

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES,
or,
MICHAEL FISHER, JOSEPH DANILSON, } Trustees.

Terms of tuition, $2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at $1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th. April 2

SUPERFINE PLAYING CARDS—Just received direct from the manufactory, at Waite's, Lottery and Exchange Office, corner of Maiden lane and Broadway, a complete assortment of Playing Cards, viz:

Crowned superfine	blue,	black and red Eagles.
do	do	Blue Harry 8th, Red do
do	do	Blue Merry Andrews, Red do
do	do	Highlanders
do	do	Common and cheap do

French and German Cards, of all qualities.

The Eagles are warranted to be equal if not superior to any playing Cards ever before introduced into this city, and the supply will be constant and regular—They will be sold by the dozen or single pack at a small advance on the manufacturers price. Also, by the single pack, dozen or gross, the finest quality that are made of the La Fayette Cards, and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Hotels, Steam-boats, and Country Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

BOARDING.

NOTICE.—That pleasantly situated house No. 40 Courtlandt-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats,) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street April 2

HDKFS. CRAVATS AND STOCKS.

D. O. CAULKINS, 56 Maiden-lane, has received and offers for sale, an extensive assortment of German, English and Pongee Hdkfs; also, black Italian Cravats, and a variety of Stocks made of good materials and the most approved shapes. April 2

NOTED CHEAP

HAT, CAP AND STOCK

WARE-ROOM,
NO. 132 CANAL-STREET.

BEAVER HATS $3 75. Also, beautiful improved style of Satin Beaver Hats, $4 25, or $42 per dozen. Imitation Beaver Hats $2. Men's, Youth's and Children's Caps, of every description of the best quality, and ten per cent cheaper than any other store in the city.

Boy's Caps, from $0,50 each to $2 50.

All kinds of Furs cleaned and repaired.

The public are respectfully invited to call at the above store, and examine for themselves.

PALMER & CO.

N. B. One door below Thompson, in Canal street. Feb. 5

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of these numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

When the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved; where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENSETT.

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Batson,
Ballston, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Flemingsburg, Ky., Jos. C. Mullay.
Ithica, New-York, A. E. Clark
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thones
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. B. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P. M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, bookseller
Taunton, Mass. Joseph L. Lord, P. M.
Albany, N. Y. Little & Cummings, Booksellers.
Lancaster, Pa. Thomas Feran.
Hebron, Ct. J. B. & D. Lord.

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of *ten per cent.*